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Cover illustration by GYO FUJIKAWA

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CHILDREN'S DIGEST is printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. This light green paper is easier on the eyes than white or any other tinted paper.

Our binding is designed to eliminate the use of staples. As a result, the magazine lies flat when opened, and is easier for children to handle.

CHILDREN'S DIGEST is published monthly, except June and August, by Parents' Magazine Press, Inc., a subsidiary of the publishers of PARENTS' MAGAZINE. Publication office: Nashville, Tenn. Change of Address, giving old and new address, should be sent six weeks in advance to Children's Digest, Subscription Office, Bergenfield, N. J. Executive and Editorial offices: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. E. A. Sand, Vice Pres. & Circ. Mgr. Subscription price \$3.50 a year, 35¢ a copy. Title registered U. S. Patent Office, Vol. VI, No. 59, July, 1956. Second-class mailing privileges authorized at Concord, New Hampshire. Re-entry applied for at Nashville, Tenn., copr. 1956, Parents' Magazine Press, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

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Published 10 times a year
— monthly, except June
and August.

Subscription price: \$3.50
a year; foreign postage
(except Canada and U. S.
Possessions) 50¢ a year
extra; subscription office:
Bergenfield, N. J.

MIGHTY STORMALONG

A story by MICHAEL GORHAM

WHEN Alfred Bulltop Stormalong was a little boy, in the days before steamships were invented, he used to stand on the rocky coast of Maine looking out to sea. He wanted to be the first one to sight the white-sailed ships coming home from far-off places like China and India and Boston. Little Alfred soon found out that the



"From 'The Real Book of American Tall Tales' by Michael Gorham, pub. by Garden City Books, © 1952 by Franklin Watts, Inc.

higher up he stood on a rock, the farther he could see. Then he figured out something else: If he were as tall as the rocks, he wouldn't have to scramble up onto them. So he decided to grow. By the time he was ten, he had grown himself up to six feet. (Sailors said he was "a full fathom high.")

Alfred was so big now that he had to find some work for himself to do. And what work would anybody think of if he'd grown high in order to look out to sea? Naturally he'd think

of a job on a ship. Alfred signed on as cabin boy of the *Susie Belle*. That meant he agreed to take care of the captain's cabin and run errands for him on the whole voyage from Maine to Madagascar and back.

Alfred did everything he was supposed to, and more besides. He noticed that it was impossible for the man at the wheel to see over the edge of the horizon, where icebergs and pirates usually hid. So Alfred made up his mind to grow tall enough to see over it. And he did.



Illustrations by JOHN GRETZER

"I'll teach you to go grabbing ships and holding them," said Stormalong



as he swung into furious action against the giant octopus.

By the time his first voyage was over, he'd learned so much that he could be a regular sailor. He went to the captain of another ship called the *Starfish* and asked to sign on.

The captain studied him and said, "You look like an able-bodied seaman. What's your name?"

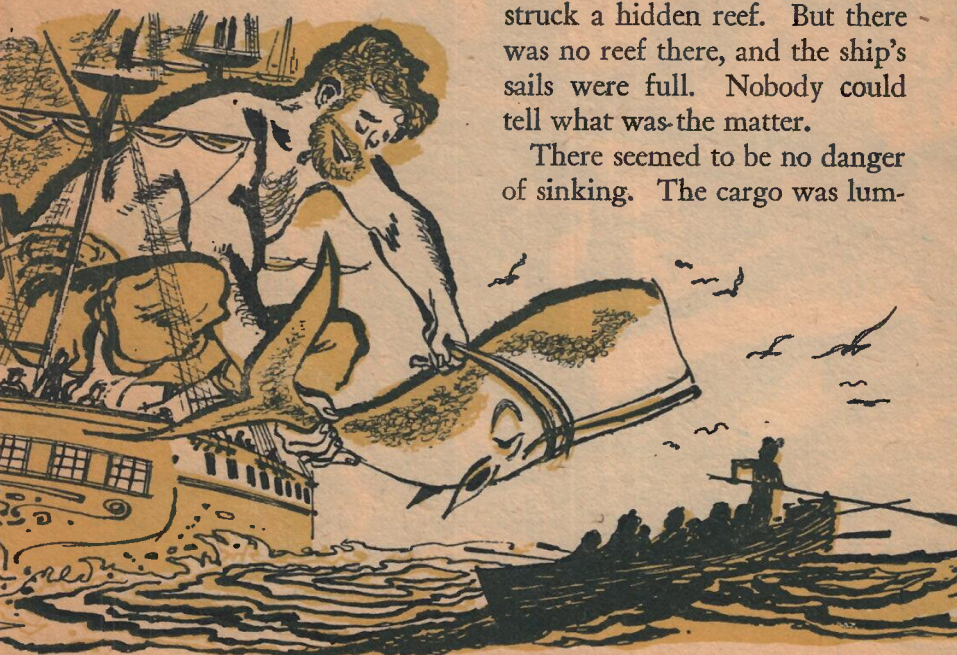
"Alfred Bulltop Stormalong."

But the captain just wrote down the last name on his paper, and after it he put the initials—"Stormalong, A. B."

The captain was right in his judgment. Stormalong was an able-bodied seaman, indeed. And ever since then, a sailor who knows his business has been called by his initials—A.B.

Now the *Starfish* was bound for Cork in Ireland with a cargo of lumber. Stormalong found the ship a wee mite small for his size, because he'd kept on growing. But he got along all right and so did the *Starfish*—until all of a sudden she stopped dead, right in the middle of the North Atlantic. It was just as if she'd struck a hidden reef. But there was no reef there, and the ship's sails were full. Nobody could tell what was the matter.

There seemed to be no danger of sinking. The cargo was lum-



He lifted that poor, astonished whale clear out of the water!

ber, the ship was wooden and had no leaks. But the captain and the crew began to get restless, and what's more, they were hungry after a while. They had been stopped so long that the hardtack and molasses were running low.

Stormalong decided to investigate. In spite of the whales and sharks that gathered around the ship, he dove over the side and disappeared under the waves. For about half an hour there was the most terrific churning and thrashing and rumpus under the water. Then suddenly Stormalong swam up so fast that he landed on the deck without having to climb the jacob's ladder that hung down the ship's side. At the same instant the *Starfish* began to move.

Naturally the captain and the crew were curious. After Stormalong caught his breath he explained. Under the ship he'd found a huge octopus that had grabbed hold of the ship with four of his arms, while it anchored itself to the bottom of the ocean with the other four.

"And what did you do?" the captain asked.

"Well, said Stormalong, "first I gave him two black eyes, and

when he raised a couple of arms to defend himself, I tied them together in a double sheet bend. Next I threw a clove hitch with one of his arms around another. With two more I made a slippery reef knot. That accounted for six. Then I took arm number seven and threw a studding sail halyard bend around arm number eight. I have to admit that the last knot took a little time because the octopus seemed to be slightly annoyed. But I doubt if he'll bother the ship again for a while, unless somebody lends him a marlinspike to help him open my handiwork up, and I'm not lending him mine."

EVERYBODY knew this was a fact. Stormalong always kept his two-foot-long marlinspike in his belt. He said he needed it for a toothpick.

On all the rest of that voyage nothing important happened, except that Stormalong kept on growing. He'd decided to get big enough so he could handle whales. And when the *Starfish* came home, he left it to sign on a whaling ship called the *Davy Jones*. Now at last, he thought, he'd have really big things to do.

But Stormalong was in for some disappointment, when the lookout shouted "Thar she blows"—which was the call he gave as he saw a whale spouting. The other sailors jumped into little boats so they could chase the whale. But Stormalong was too big to fit into one. He had to stay behind and miss the fun. However, he decided he hadn't got all his growth for nothing. When the whale was caught, he sailed the *Davy Jones* right up alongside it, then reached down and heaved the whale onto the deck in one quick motion.

Now Stormalong went to the captain with a new idea. "Next time we sight a whale," he said, "let me harpoon it from the deck. That will save all the trouble of chasing it in whaleboats."

The captain was willing to let him try.

"Thar she blows!" yelled the lookout, a little while later.

Stormalong poised himself in the bow. When the *Davy Jones* was about a quarter of a mile from the whale, Stormalong gave a mighty sweep of his arm and sent the harpoon sailing. The whole ship shook as the harpoon struck the whale. But the whale got away, and this is why: Storm-

along had thrown the harpoon too hard. It went right through the whale and kept on going, putting all of the line after it, like a needle pulling a piece of thread.

After that Stormalong was much more gentle, and he never missed. And from then on the only use he had for a whaleboat was at mess. It served as his soup bowl for the chowder made of whale and shark meat.

WITH every voyage Stormalong made now he had to find a bigger ship to sail in. At last, there wasn't a vessel bigger than the biggest one, and he'd sailed in that. Stormalong had to stay ashore. He was sad and unhappy, so he took up farming.

But farming made Stormalong even sadder. There were no great storms to battle. He could push a plow without the help of a team of oxen, but that didn't compare with steering a ship through a hurricane.

Then one day Stormalong heard that the greatest vessel in the world was being built. Her name was the *Courser*. She was shining white and was anchored in the ocean outside Boston harbor, waiting for her sails to be



Farming was not for him. He just got sadder and sadder.

delivered. The sails were so big that it had taken all the best sailmakers to work on them. In order to have space enough to lay out the canvas, they had to go clear to the Sahara Desert.

When the sails came, Storm-along went aboard and signed on as bosun. That meant the captain knew he would be the best

sailor on the ship. After Storm-along signed on, he looked the *Courser* over. On Monday morning he started at the bow, and by hurrying he got to the stern on Wednesday afternoon. On the way he counted seventeen masts, each one of them so high he couldn't see the top.

Close to the poop deck on the stern, Stormalong saw something that amazed him—a stable full of horses. After his long hike, he could easily guess why they were there. The sailors would really need fast horses in order to get around the decks and do their work.

Well, Stormalong was mighty pleased by what he'd seen so far. Here at last was a ship that was big enough for him.

Now it was time for the *Courser* to set out on her first voyage. They raised her anchor which was as large as Bunker Hill, and 719 sailors went aloft to rig the sails. After the *Courser* had been under way for about a week, Stormalong began to worry about the crew. Only 193 men were reporting for meals. The others hadn't had time to get down out of the rigging yet, and Stormalong was afraid they'd starve to death.



But the captain told him not to worry. There were galleys up on each mast where food could be cooked, and there were bunks up there too. This was a ship Stormalong really liked. He even had to lean a little bit sometimes to turn her wheel, and when he wasn't standing his watch at the wheel, twenty-seven AB's had to take over the job of steering.

Yes, Stormalong liked everything about the *Courser*, except that she was so large that a good full-grown hurricane didn't even make her pitch or roll or throw her off course.

But once a double-width, double-joined hurricane came along. It blew the great ship way up into the North Sea between Eng-

Stormalong looked back and saw other ships following his trail.

land and Norway, and then it kept on blowing. The only way the *Courser* could get back to the Atlantic Ocean was through the English Channel. The Captain put Stormalong at the wheel, but even then the captain was worried. Would there be space enough between France and England so that the great white ship could pass through?

Stormalong said he could make it if all 719 seamen were put to work rubbing soap on the sides of the vessel. The captain agreed. Soon the men were busy soaping the great ship. And that did the trick. The *Courser* slipped easily through the Channel, but she did rub against the high cliffs at Dover in southern England. That's why those cliffs are white to this day.

As the *Courser* came out into the ocean again, the double-jointedness of the storm showed itself. It had turned around and was blowing in the direction from which it had come. It blew the ship back, across the Atlantic, and through the Sargasso, or "Sourgrass," Sea where no wind had ever blown before. By careful steering, Stormalong managed to miss both Florida and Cuba as the *Courser* squeezed

through between them. But the hurricane didn't let up. The *Courser* kept going across the Gulf of Mexico until, over the horizon, Stormalong saw the jungles of Panama.

For a while Stormalong was worried. There didn't seem to be any way to turn the ship and get out of the storm. Then, just over the jungles, he saw more water. There was only one thing to do. He put on more sail and drove full tilt ahead. Right through the jungle she plowed and out onto the Pacific Ocean.

As Stormalong looked back, he saw water filling up the ditch that the *Courser* had dug. Then, when he had sailed far out onto the Pacific, he looked back over the horizon again. There he could see other ships already coming through the canal that he and the *Courser* had made across Panama.

THE mighty Stormalong, who had grown to be full four fathom high, had sailed the greatest ship in the world and had dug the greatest ship canal. He was the saltiest sailor on the seven seas, and every AB remembers Stormalong to this day.

Riddles

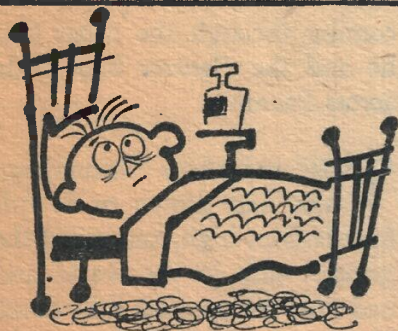


1. Why does the Statue of Liberty stand in New York Harbor?

3. If Miss Issippi gave Miss Ouri her New Jersey, what will Dela Ware?
4. Why is a talent scout like an astronomer?
5. Why is a pair of skates like an apple?
6. What can we swallow that can also swallow us?
7. What is it that you cannot see, but is always before you?



8. What did the colt say when he cleared his throat?



2. Why does a sick person lose his sense of touch?

9. What is the best thing to take when one is run down?
10. What is it from which you can take the whole and still have some left?
11. What was the largest island in the world before Australia was found?



12. What is the difference between a musician and the man who hears him?

17. What is the hardest thing to deal with?
18. What did the big hand of the watch say to the little hand of the watch?
19. What is higher without a head than with a head?
20. When does an automobile go exactly as fast as a train?
21. What exercise is recommended for reducing?
22. What is a wisecracker?

13. What did the adding machine say to the clerk?

14. Why is a story writer a very peculiar person?

15. Seven is an odd number. How can it be made even?

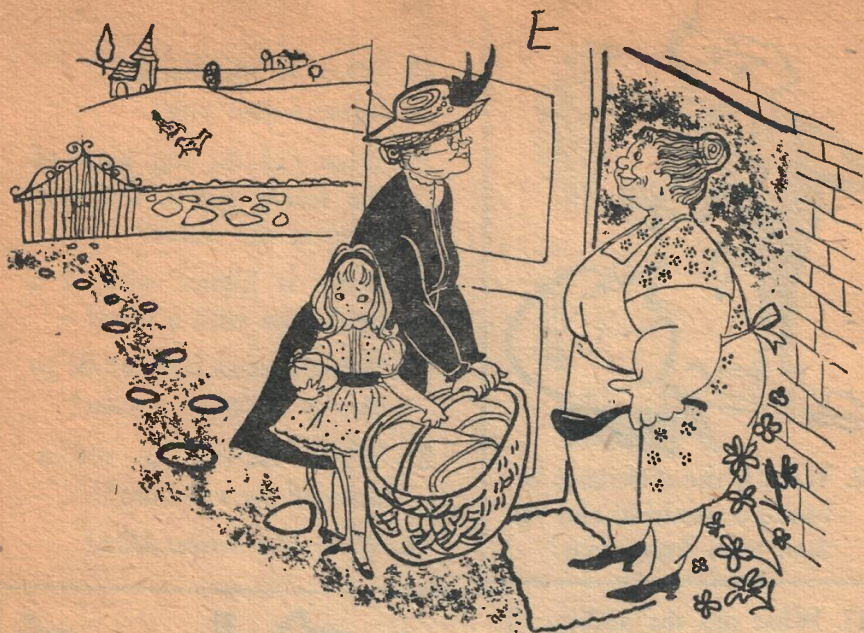
16. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, who is she?



23. What makes the pig the most unusual animal?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. Because it can't sit down. 2. He doesn't feel well. 3. I don't know, but Al-ask-a! 4. Because he hopes to discover new stars. 5. Because they both have to do with the fall of man. 6. Water. 7. The future. 8. "Excuse me, I'm a little hoarse." 9. The license number of the car. 10. The word "wholesome." 11. Australia. 12. One plays for pay and the other pays for play. 13. "You can count on me." 14. Because his tale grows out of his head. 15. Take away the S. 16. Your mother. 17. An old deck of cards. 18. "I'll be around in an hour." 19. A pillow. 20. When it is on the train. 21. Pushing yourself away from the table. 22. A smart cookie. 23. First you kill him, then cure him.



Lilly Rose and the GREEN SILK PETTICOAT

A story by EVE GARNETT

LILLY ROSE was Helpful in the Home. She could wash and mangle fairly well, scrub steps, knew how to fry bacon-and-eggs and kippers, and was an expert at blowing the noses and scrubbing the ears of her young brothers and sisters. Her great ambition in life was to own a laundry too—not an antiquated “hand” affair like her mother’s, but a real steam one where she would walk about and tell dozens of girls in white overalls how to work. When she was not doing this, she would

The path to trouble is often paved with good intentions. That's what this poor girl found out when she tried to be "helpful"



be showing visitors round or sitting in an office writing letters to the customers to explain why such a tired-looking handkerchief had been returned in place of their nice linen one with an embroidered initial in the corner. (Lily Rose knew all about this kind of correspondence—her mother did a lot of it.)

One afternoon, a pipe having burst and flooded her classroom, Lily Rose came home early from school. The front door was shut and locked, so evidently her mother and the two youngest children were out. She found the key in its usual place under a broken brick on the second step, and went in.

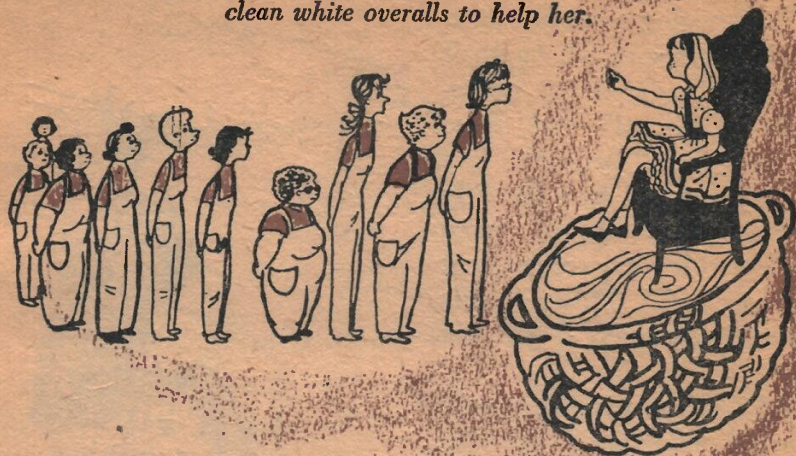
It was ironing day and piles of ironed and unironed garments lay about. The house linen—sheets and towels and things—seemed to be finished and were piled up ready to be aired.

SO FAR Lily Rose's ironing activities on customers' washing had been confined to these dull and easy goods; though she had often tried her hand, not always very successfully, on her own and the family's clothes. The brilliant thought occurred to her that it

would be an excellent idea and also her "good deed" for the day (she was a Girl Guide) if she were to finish off the ironing by the time her mother returned. It would be a lovely surprise, and at the same time a way of showing what she could do once she really had a free hand.

The irons were heating on the fire, and Lily Rose, without further hesitation, threw off her hat and coat, rolled up her sleeves, spread out a garment on the ironing blanket and seized one. Forgetting the stand, she put the iron down for a moment on the ironing sheet. Immediately a rich smell of burning blanket filled the room, and Lily Rose was sorry to see a large smoldering hole. She hastily put the iron on the stand and waited patiently for it to cool, testing the heat at intervals by the simple and professional method of spitting on her finger and dabbing it quickly on the iron. After some minutes of this she decided the iron was ready and set to work on a baby's overall. She made quite a good job of this and hung it proudly over a chair-back to air, and, encouraged by such success, embarked upon the next garment—a green artificial silk petticoat.

In her dreams Lily Rose owned a magnificent steam laundry, with dozens of girls in clean white overalls to help her.



Illustrations by SOFIA

Now Lily Rose had heard much talk about the difficulties and dangers of ironing artificial silk, and, although she had never attempted such a thing before, she was not deterred; the great thing, she knew, was not to have too hot an iron. She spread out the petticoat carefully, took what she thought to be the cool iron from the stove and began. She made one long sweep up and down with the iron, and oh! what was happening! The petticoat was shrinking . . . shrinking . . . shrivelling up, running away before her eyes! Smaller and smaller it grew, while Lily Rose

gazed fascinated and as if rooted to the spot, her eyes and mouth round "o's" of horror!

At last the shrinking seemed to stop and there it lay, the beautiful green silk petticoat, no bigger than a doll's—too small even for William—had he worn such things!

Poor Lily Rose! The smoking iron-holder in her hand soon told her that she had taken the hot iron from the fire by mistake, and, of course, artificial silk—! Lily Rose put the iron back on the fire, sat down on a pile of airing sheets and wept!

Five minutes later the door

opened and in came Mrs. Ruggles with William in her arms and Peg hanging on to her skirt. "Goodness gracious, what a smell of burning!" she cried, "something's scorching!" and then, catching sight of the tearful Lily Rose: "What you here so early for—been sent home from school?—In my day we got kept *in* not let *out*." Then, as Lily Rose made no reply, "You're not hurt?"

But Lily Rose was past speech; she could only point to the table where the remains of the petticoat lay.

"Whatever *is* the matter?" cried Mrs. Ruggles. "Speak, *do*. I can see you've been and burnt my ironing blanket, anyway, and what's this thing?" she added, going up to the table. "Doll's clothes? *How often have I told you not to touch the irons when I'm out!*"

"It's not doll's clothes," wept Lily Rose, now very tearful indeed. "It's a customer's petticoat; we was all sent home early (sniff) because there was a flood (sniff), and I was trying to help you and do my good deed for the day (sniff) for the Guides (several sniffs)."

Mrs. Ruggles was very angry.



"What's burning?" cried her mother. But Lily just sobbed harder.

Although she lost handkerchiefs and *did* shrink woollens occasionally, she was a good and careful worker, and in all her long career as a laundress had certainly never reduced a garment to one-sixth of its original size!

"That petticoat belongs to Mrs. Beaseley up at The Laurels in Sycamore Road—one of my best customers, I'd have you know," she cried. "Both her children have a clean frock a day each in the summer, and I've given her satisfaction for over three years! It will have to be replaced, and a nice expense *that's* going to be! 'Good deed' *indeed!*? Well, it don't look like it to me, and I've no patience with these Guides—seems to me Guiding's about the last thing they do. To-morrow you'll come with me to Mrs. Beaseley's and explain as it was you and not your mother, who's a careful, hard-working, reliable laundress, as spoilt her nice petticoat, and she'll have something to say to you, I shouldn't wonder; and you'll get no jam for tea to-day, and no cake on Sunday neither. Now then; stop that sniffing, put the kettle on and get the tea."

The next morning Lily Rose

and her mother set off to return Mrs. Beaseley's laundry.

IF ONLY, thought Lily Rose, it hadn't been Saturday! Then she would have been safe at school. But, instead, here she was, helping her mother, still very cross with her, to carry the laundry basket with one hand, and clasping the remains of the green silk petticoat done up in a parcel in the other. And what she felt like inside—ough! Sick at the very thought of Mrs. Beaseley and her house and her fat cook who usually opened the back door to them and made silly remarks. What remarks she'd make to-day! And Mrs. Beaseley herself! Probably she would be going to a party on Sunday and want to wear her beautiful petticoat; perhaps she might even say that Mrs. Ruggles must buy her one this evening, and how awful that would be! Both the twins and Mr. Ruggles had had their boots soled this week, and Mr. Ruggles' auntie had died and they'd sent a wreath which cost a whole 3s.6d.—the family funds were very low, she knew. Worse still, perhaps Mrs. Beaseley would say Mrs. Ruggles needn't wash for her any more after this.

And the silly part of it all was that she, Lily Rose, had meant to be so kind and give Mrs. Ruggles a surprise. Life was a puzzle, she decided.

At last they reached the house, and Lily Rose, wishing she were dead twice over, knocked at the back door. The fat cook opened it.

"Early to-day, Mrs. Ruggles," she said. "Got a helper, I see; come right in and wait a minute, will you?"

JUST at that moment Mrs. Beaseley herself came into the kitchen. "Good morning, Mrs. Ruggles," she said, "you're early to-day. Is this one of your large family—I don't think I've seen her before? I expect she'd like a glass of lemonade or some cake, wouldn't she?"

"She'd *like* it all right, thank you," replied Mrs. Ruggles, "but she don't *deserve* it!"

"How's that?" said Mrs. Beaseley, turning to Lily Rose, but with such a twinkle in her eye that that young lady felt better.

"You tell Mrs. Beaseley yourself," commanded Mrs. Ruggles.

"Well, come in and have the cake first, and tell me after," said Mrs. Beaseley. "Bertha,"

she called to the fat cook, "get a cup of tea for Mrs. Ruggles and some cake for the little girl"—she turned to Lily Rose—"I don't know your name?"

"Please, it's Lily Rose," said the child shyly—she *hated* telling her name—people so nearly always laughed. But Mrs. Beaseley didn't laugh. Surprisingly instead, she said, "What a pretty name! I don't think anyone with such a nice name could do anything *very* dreadful, do you!" And she smiled so kindly that Lily Rose nearly began to cry.

"Silly fool that I am," she said to herself, "she's ever so kind."

They went into the kitchen, and while Mrs. Ruggles drank her tea and Lily Rose ate her cake—she took a good slice for she knew she wasn't going to have any next day at home—Mrs. Beaseley asked after Mr. Ruggles and the family, and especially the progress of William.

"Grows fine he does," said Mrs. Ruggles, pleased and smiling again at such interest in her family. "Nurse says he's the best baby at the Welfare Centre—I takes him there to be weighed."

"You'll have to send him to the baby show in July, Mrs. Rug-

gles," said Mrs. Beaseley.

"Well, *I'd* like to," said Mrs. Ruggles, "but his father don't hold with them. He gets *Ideas* in his Head, Ruggles does."

"I'd like to meet your husband, Mrs. Ruggles," laughed Mrs.



She would write to every customer.

LILLY ROSE AND THE GREEN SILK PETTICOAT

Beaseley. "I come across so few people with ideas in their heads!"

Just then the fat cook returned with the empty laundry basket. "I'm afraid there's something missing, Mrs. Ruggles," she said. "There's one green and one pink petticoat on the list, the pink one is here all right—I'm afraid you've forgotten the other."

Mrs. Ruggles looked at Lily Rose, and Lily Rose looked at Mrs. Ruggles, while Mrs. Beaseley looked inquiringly at them both. "Please Miss—Madame I mean," began Lily Rose breathlessly, "it was an idea (gasp)—I mean I had an idea. I ironed your petticoat to surprise Mum and (gasp), because I'm a Guide and have to do a good deed every day. I didn't meant to spoil it (gasp)—truly I didn't—I used the hot iron by mistake and the stuff ran away soon as I touched it (gasp)—and oh, please, *do* you think you could wear the pink one if you go to a party tomorrow and wait till next week for Mum to get you another (gasp)—because you see Dad and the twins all had their boots soled, and Auntie died (gasp) and we sent a wreath and . . ." thrusting the parcel into Mrs. Beaseley's hands, Lily Rose burst into tears.

But when Mrs. Beasley undid the parcel and saw her petticoat she burst out laughing. "I never saw anything so funny!" she cried, "I should *love* to have seen it running away from the iron—it doesn't matter a bit, Mrs. Ruggles. It was a cheap petticoat, and I know artificial silk behaves like that sometimes if the iron is too hot. Cheer up, Lily Rose. Even if your ideas aren't always a success it's a good thing to have them, and I'm sure you meant to do a good deed. I used to be a Guide once," she added, "and I've made a lot of mistakes over good deeds. Cheer up now and have some cake and tell me what you're going to do when you leave school?"

There was a long pause. Lily Rose sniffed. "I want to run a laundry," she said shyly at last.

Oh, how Mrs. Ruggles and Mrs. Beasley laughed, and as to the fat cook, Lily Rose thought she would have a fit! At last she began to giggle herself—it did

seem a bit of cheek after what she'd done!

"Never mind, Lily Rose," said Mrs. Beasley. "It's another Idea, and a very good one, but don't practice on my clothes again, will you? And now how about taking home the remains of that cake for the other children, and some of these biscuits for yourself?"

It was a very different journey home. To begin with, Mrs. Ruggles was no longer cross—she was laughing. "You beat all, you do, you and your ideas and your laundry," she kept saying. And although Lily Rose still held one side of the laundry basket it was empty and light, and instead of the remains of the petticoat in her other hand, she carried the remains of a very good cake and a bag of biscuits. She felt perfectly happy again. As for the no cake and jam at home, she'd eaten so much she felt she didn't want any more for a week, and anyway, if she did, she'd got the biscuits.

Lily Rose began to sing.

SCHOOL'S OUT! HAVE A HAPPY SUMMER!

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THE SHOW-OFF









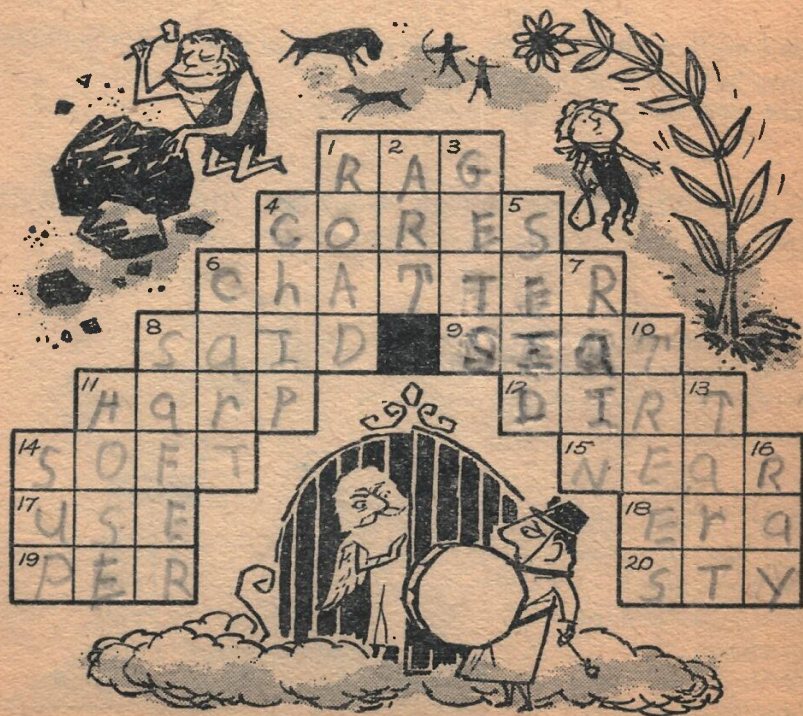
What's the good WORD?

ACROSS

1. Piece of old cloth
4. Centers of apples
6. Quick, foolish talk
8. Spoke
9. Thing on which to sit
11. Angel's musical instrument
12. Mud; dust; anything that soils
14. Not hard; tender
15. Not far
17. To employ
18. Period or age in history
19. For each; ten cents — pound
20. Pig pen

DOWN

1. Thoroughfare
2. Short for Arthur
3. Obtains
4. Small piece broken from stone
5. A plant grows from this
6. Small wagon
7. Water falling from the sky
8. More secure; less dangerous
10. They give us shade
11. Stockings; rubber tube
13. Small fruit pie; sour
14. To eat supper
16. Beam of light



Solutions on page 122

From "Crossword Carnival," © 1953 by Hart Publications.

HAVE YOU



Mother: (hearing a crash from the kitchen): More dishes, Harriet?

Harriet: No, Mother, *less* dishes.

Mrs. Jackson: That lecturer was just wonderful. He brought home things nobody was familiar with.

Mrs. Johnson: That's nothing—so does the laundry man!

Proud mother: Baby Billy's a year old now and he's been walking since he was eight months old.

Bored visitor: Really? He must be awfully tired.

City man: What do you do with all the fruit from your garden?

Farmer: Well, we eat what we can, and what we can't, we can.

Albert: How do you like your new job running an elevator?

Alfred: Oh, it has its ups and downs!

Allan: Where did you get that bite on your nose?

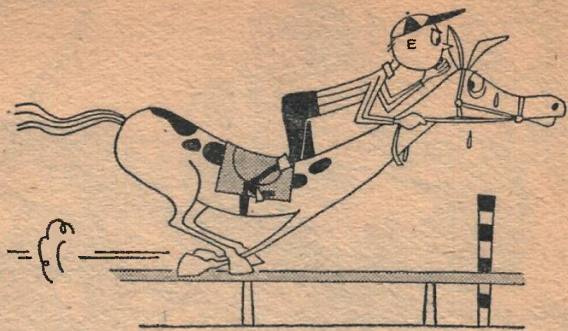
Alvin: I was looking at a brose.

Allan: There isn't any B in rose.

Alvin: There was in this one!



HEARD THESE?



Visitor: How did you ever get that old horse to win the race?

Jockey: Easy. I just kept whispering in his ear, "Roses are red, violets are blue. Horses that lose are made into glue."

Willie: Auntie, my face is dirty. Will you wash it for me, please?

Auntie: But surely you can do that for yourself.

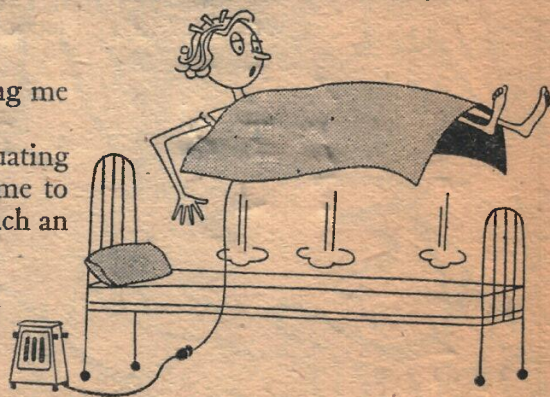
Willie: Yes, but I'd have to get my hands wet, and they're clean!

Ann: How about buying me a soda?

Art: My dear, extenuating circumstances force me to preclude you from such an extravagance.

Ann: I don't get it.

Art: That's what I said!



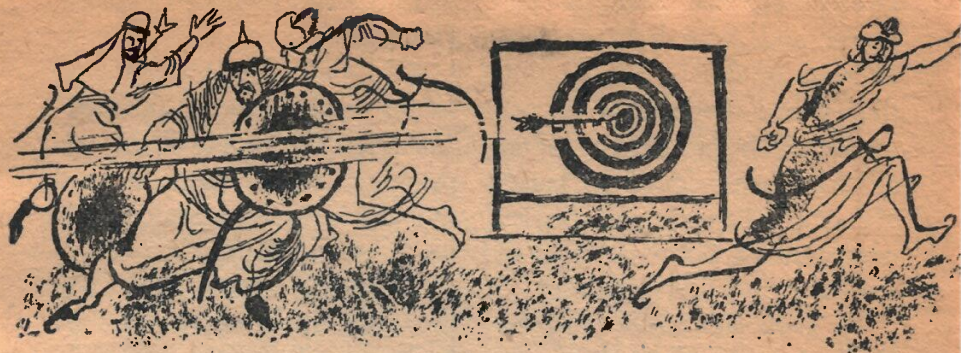
Grace: I didn't sleep so well last night.

May: Why, what happened?

Grace: I plugged the electric blanket into the toaster by mistake and kept popping out of bed all night.



From "Once The Hodja," © 1943 by Alice Geer Kelsey, pub. by Longmans, Green & Co.



FOUR ARROWS

The boastful Hodja told Tamerlane he was the greatest archer in the world. Now he had to prove it!

A story by ALICE GEER KELSEY

WHENEVER Tamerlane the Great was bored with his bowing courtiers and their everlasting, "Yes, my lord," he found relief in the companionship of Nasr-ed-Din Hodja. Here was a man who treated peasant and emperor alike. Here was a man who did not weigh every word before he let it reach his emperor's ears. Being with the Hodja was to Tamerlane like a fresh breeze from the mountains.

It was a sunny spring day

when Tamerlane asked Nasr-ed-Din Hodja to go with him to the plain, where his soldiers were at their archery practice. The Hodja had been planning to plant onions that day, but he needed no further urging to put off that job till another day.

It was the sort of vivid, bracing day when a man feels twice as strong and clever as on a drab day. With each step across the fields to the place where the soldiers were practicing, Nasr-ed-

Din Hodja felt younger and braver and more bursting with all sorts of skills. By the time they joined the soldiers, he was no longer the old man at whom all Ak Shehir loved to laugh. He was Tamerlane's fearless companion, a man who could do anything and dare anything.

"A good shot that," said the Hodja as a soldier's arrow pierced the bull's-eye of the target. "It reminds me of the way I used to handle a bow and arrow."

"Really?" Tamerlane looked at the Hodja in great surprise. "I had never heard it said that you were an archer."

"Oh, yes, indeed! I was a famous archer." On a day like this the Hodja could be anything. "I remember how men used to come from distant cities to see me shoot. My hands itch for the feel of the bow again."

NO sooner was that wish out of the Hodja's mouth than Tamerlane beckoned to a soldier. "My soldiers need to see some good shooting," he said as he took the bow and arrow from the man. "Here is your chance to show us how it really should be done." With a flourish Tamerlane held the bow and arrow to-

ward the dumbfounded Nasr-ed-Din Hodja.

"Oh, you must not rob your soldier of his chance to practice." The Hodja's nimble brain was thinking faster than it had thought in many months. "He needs it more than I do."

"Watching your skill will more than make up for the time he loses." Tamerlane still held the bow and arrow outstretched toward the squirming Hodja.

"It is so long since I have worked at archery," hedged Nasr-ed-Din Hodja. "It might be better not to do it today."

"Oh, it will come back to you as soon as you feel the good bow in your hands." Tamerlane set the arrow in place, pulled back the bowstring, and sent the arrow whizzing within two hairs of the bull's-eye. "See! It is months since I have touched bow and arrow, but I feel as though I had been shooting yesterday."

"Perhaps I should wait until this cut on my finger heals." The Hodja tried to shift the interest from archery to a little scratch on one finger.

"That finger does not have to touch either bow or arrow," persisted Tamerlane.

"You forget the pain in my



Illustrations by OSCAR LIEBMAN

"Here is your chance to show us how it should be done," said Tamerlane.

shoulder which has been bothering me all winter," mused the Hodja, grasping for anything to keep that bow and arrow out of his hands.

"You said just this morning that today's spring sunshine had baked out that pain." And Tamerlane held the bow and a fresh arrow toward the Hodja.

Nasr-ed-din Hodja knew a command when he saw it—and a command from Tamerlane was a command indeed.

"Oh, of course!" The Hodja

tried to conjure up a jaunty air as he took the big bow in his awkward hands. A quick glance at a soldier at target practice showed him which way to hold it. After two or three tries he had the arrow fitted into somewhat near the right position. He squinted painfully at the target, pulled back the bowstring, and shut his eyes as the arrow wobbled limply to the ground.

Tamerlane expected to see the Hodja angry or embarrassed. Not at all! The old jaunty grin

suddenly spread over his face.

"That," said the Hodja, "is to show you how your Chief Huntsman shoots."

Nasr-ed-Din Hodja took another arrow from the soldier's quiver. He beamed pleasantly at the little group of soldiers that was fast gathering about him and Tamerlane. He put his arrow in place, gave a mighty pull on the string and sent the arrow whizzing high into the air. Half a dozen soldiers jumped aside so that it hit no one as it fell to the ground.

"And that," said the Hodja with a cheerful nod, "is to show you how your Governor shoots."

Nasr-ed-Din Hodja took a third arrow and adjusted it. The soldiers drew back ready to dodge in any direction. It was well that they did for the third arrow went whistling far to the

right of the mark.

"And that," said the Hodja genially, "is to show you how your General shoots."

Nasr-ed-Din Hodja took a fourth arrow. He no longer bothered to squint at the target. He merely put the arrow to the bowstring, gave a yank, and let it go where it would. This time the arrow left his bow with a businesslike buzz, whirred straight between the rows of grinning soldiers, and lodged neatly in the exact center of the distant bull's-eye.

For a minute, the Hodja stared with open mouth and popping eyes at his arrow in the bull's-eye. "Mash Allah!" he muttered. Then his old poise came back.

"And that, my lord," said he, as unconcerned and casual as you please, "is to show you how Nasr-ed-Din Hodja shoots."

WHY WE SAY . . . "Turn Thumbs Down"

The people of ancient Rome amused themselves by watching gladiators fight each other in the arenas. The fate of the loser was left in the hands of the spectators. When they turned their hands over and pointed their thumbs down (as a sword piercing a victim) it meant that he should be killed. "Thumbs up" signified that he should live. Today we use the expression to show that we disapprove of something.

From "Why We Say" by Robert L. Morgan, © 1953 by General Features Corp.

IT is told that the people of Phrygia, an ancient country of Asia Minor, were advised by the gods to choose as king the first man they met on the way to Jupiter's temple. The peasant Gordius passed by, driving a wagon, and, to his great amazement, he was hailed by the people as king. In gratitude, he consecrated his wagon to the god Jupiter.

Now Gordius is remembered for the knot by which he fixed his wagon to the temple. So cleverly was it tied that no end could be seen in the cord, and it came to be predicted that whoever could untie the Gordian knot would win Asia.

Alexander the Great happened to pass that way in his conquering sweep across Asia Minor. He tried to undo the knot, but was unable to solve the puzzle. Impatiently, he drew his sword and with a quick stroke slashed the knot in two. This daring act impressed his soldiers who already considered Alexander as the future conquerer of Asia. We now speak of any problem that can be solved only in a drastic way as a Gordian knot.

What was the GORDIAN KNOT?





Old Quin Queeribus



Old Quin Queeribus—

He loved his garden so,
He wouldn't have a rake around,
A shovel or a hoe.

For each potato's eyes he bought
Fine spectacles of gold,
And mufflers for the corn, to keep
Its ears from getting cold.

On every head of lettuce green—
What do you think of that?
And every head of cabbage, too,
He tied a garden hat.

Old Quin Queeribus—

He loved his garden so,
He couldn't eat his growing things,
He only let them grow!

Look—A whole family of

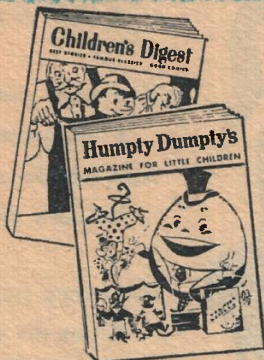


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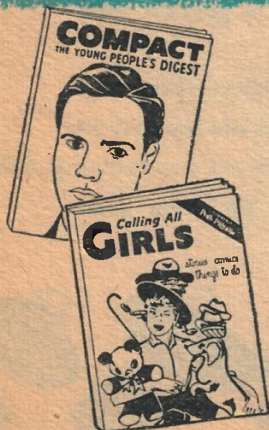
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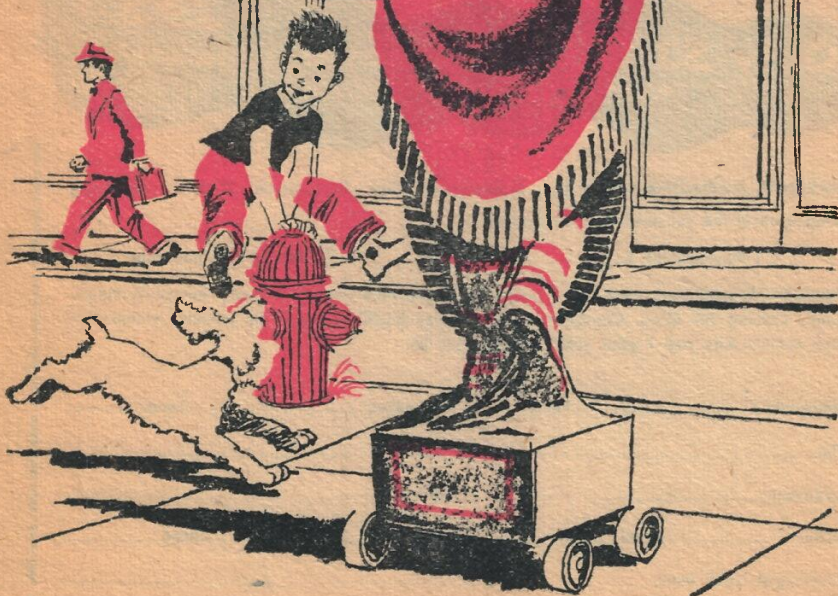
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The Wooden Indian

*had been retired a
long time. It was good
to get outside again.*

JERRY CO.



From "A Street of Little Shops,"

Two antiques they were, old and forgotten. But the cigar-store Indian had one last trick left up his wooden sleeve



THE SADDLER'S HORSE

A story by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO



I WONDER how many of you who read this story have ever seen an honest-to-goodness cigar-store Indian?

I don't mean in pictures, or in someone's collection of old-fashioned curiosities, but a real one, all carved and painted and standing just where he should stand, on the sidewalk outside the cigar-store door. Not so many years ago a cigar-store Indian used to be quite an everyday sight, almost as common as a barber's pole. And as for saddler's horses, many a town that really was a town used to have one, and very proud they were of him. I don't know where all the cigar-

store Indians have gone to. Perhaps they are living somewhere, here and there, in private families. Perhaps they have all migrated in a body to the great open spaces, or wherever it is that Wooden Indians do go. Certainly one does not see them any more on the sidewalk, kindly offering one a cigar or a pinch of snuff, as they used to do.

But I do know of one place where there is still a Saddler's Horse.

He is very big and tall, painted all over a pleasant varnishy dapple gray, and he stands outside what is still the saddler's store—though it sells other things as well nowadays—in the open

space near the railroad station, just two minutes' walk from Mr. Murdle's store. All day long he stands there and dreams.

He dreams of the old days when there were no airplanes and no gas pumps; when the railroad station was very much smaller and the big hotel had not yet been built, nor the concrete highway; when it took country folk a whole day, instead of an hour, to get to town and back, and they drove in spring-top buggies and buckboards and farm wagons, and instead of parked cars by the sidewalk edge there were horses, long rows of them, tied in the shade to hitching posts under the big elm trees.



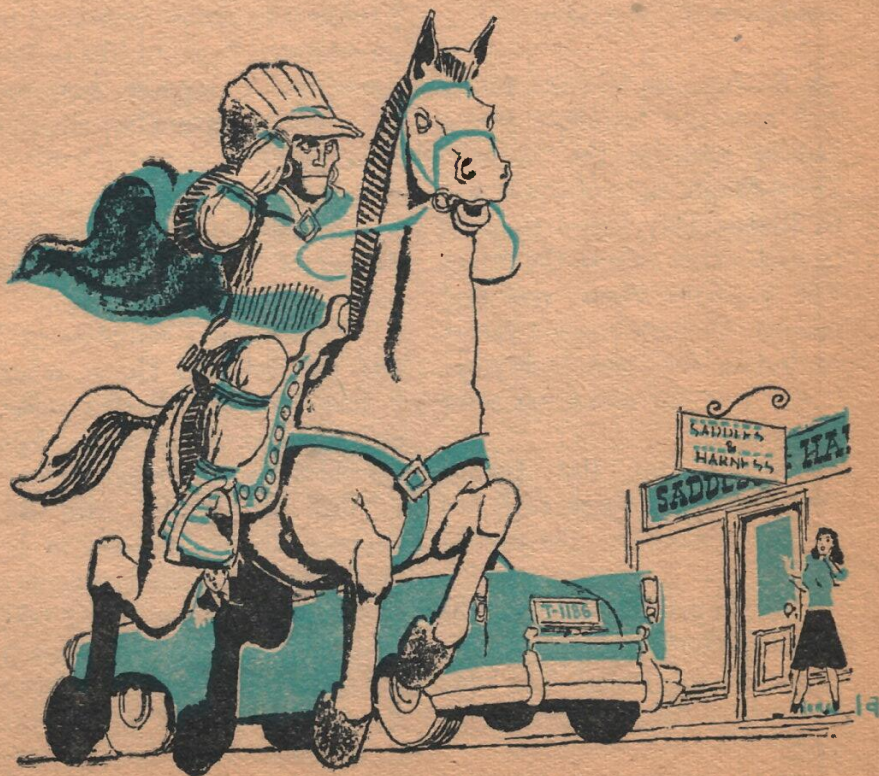
Illustrations by DON SIBLEY

Down Main Street they dashed, right past the startled policeman.

In those days the feed store and the hardware store and the saddler's were quite the most important stores in town. And the Saddler's Horse, standing out there with the very newest style of shiny harness buckled on his back for every passer-by to admire, would gaze down his nose at the country horses switching their tails under the elms, and

feel that he was very superior.

But times have changed. There are gas pumps now instead of hitching posts. Automobiles and trucks go up and down the street; very few teams pass by, and the Saddler's Horse rarely sees a buggy at all. But still he stands there, all day long, watching the traffic go past, and at six o'clock, when the train whistle blows, the



saddler wheels him indoors and puts him to bed for the night.

Just across the street is an antique shop. It happened that one day, not very long ago, the storekeeper came across a Wooden Indian. I don't know where he found him, but he brought him home, together with a grandfather clock and an old bureau and a print of a little girl hugging a kitten, and he stood him out on the sidewalk in full view, just beside the shop door.

AS soon as the Wooden Indian saw the Saddler's Horse, and as soon as the Saddler's Horse caught sight of the Wooden Indian, they began to shout to each other across the street. The Saddler's Horse was very pleased. He hadn't seen a Wooden Indian for years and years. It was just like old times come back again.

"Hello," said the Indian. "What are you doing there? I haven't seen a horse like you for ages!"

"Oh, I live here," said the Saddler's Horse. "I'm the oldest person in this town! I've been here longer than the Town Hall itself."

"Well, well," said the Wooden

Indian. "Times have surely changed, haven't they? None of these nasty automobiles when we were young! I don't like them, and I don't like the gas pumps, either. Things used to be much better. You and I are losing our jobs now. I've lost mine already. Antiques, that's what they call us nowadays! Still, I've spent the last five years in a barn, and it feels good to stand out on the sidewalk again and see the folks passing. I've always been used to an outdoor life, and I like it. But tomorrow I suppose someone will come along and buy me, and then there'll be an end of it all—"

Just then a big truck passed by. It made so much noise that neither of them could hear the other speaking.

"That's what I complain of!" said the Saddler's Horse, when it had passed. "All that noise, and it shakes one to pieces! Yes, the old times were much better."

"Tell you what," cried the Wooden Indian as soon as he could make himself heard once more. "Suppose you and I take a trip together? We might never get the chance again! Everyone should have a good gallop once in his life. They think we are back numbers, here, but we'll

show them! Come along!"

He hopped across the street, right between the automobiles, and made one spring to the back of the Saddler's Horse. The Saddler's Horse had no time even to think; he just threw up his head and snorted, and off they went! Out ran the antique dealer, out ran the saddler, waving his arms and shouting, but it was too late.

The Saddler's Horse and the Wooden Indian were off together and nothing could stop them!

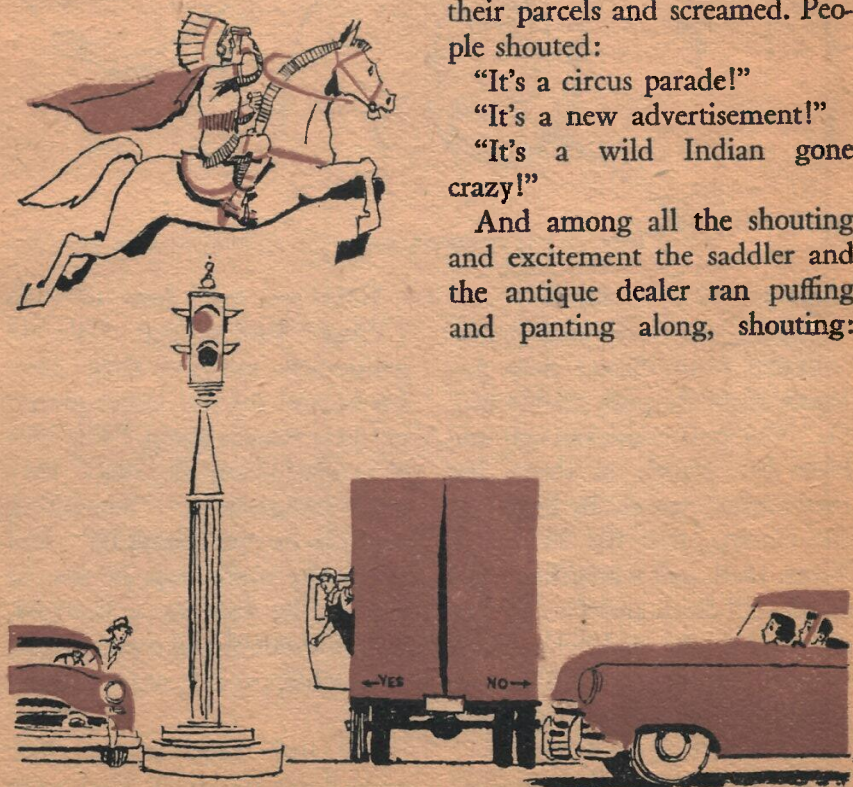
First they galloped by the railroad station, dodging in and out among the jitneys and busses and parked cars; then up the hill, round the corner by the Post Office and into Main Street. Everyone turned and stared. Little boys yelled, shopkeepers ran to their doorways, old ladies dropped their parcels and screamed. People shouted:

"It's a circus parade!"

"It's a new advertisement!"

"It's a wild Indian gone crazy!"

And among all the shouting and excitement the saddler and the antique dealer ran puffing and panting along, shouting:



With one mighty leap the Saddler's Horse cleared the traffic light.



There, in the distance, stood the Indian, waving good-by.

"Stop them! Stop them!"

But no one could stop them.

Down Main Street they galloped, right through all the traffic. The policeman ran out and blew his whistle at them, but they dashed straight by him. Past the cinema, past the bank and Town Hall, and when they came to the tall Stop and Go sign on the corner the Saddler's Horse jumped clear over it. Then his great hoofs thundered over the bridge, and they were gone.

The poor, startled townsfolk were left staring.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing!" they gasped. The old gentlemen mopped their foreheads, and the old ladies picked up their parcels again. "The idea of tearing along like that!" they cried indignantly. "Something ought to be done about it!" And as for the traffic cop, he was as red in the face as a beetroot, and he shouted and waved at the automobiles as if it were all their fault.

The little boys craned their necks down the street. They were still hoping to see the rest of the

circus parade.

Before long the news had gone out over the whole countryside. Startled motorists pulled up at wayside gas stations, telling of great hoofs that had thundered behind them along the highway, of a huge gray horse that had flashed by in a cloud of dust and disappeared. Up and down the state roads, far and wide, motorcycle cops went whizzing past, looking everywhere for a crazy Indian on a big gray horse.

MEANTIME, many miles away in a green meadow by the roadside, the Wooden Indian and the Saddler's Horse had stopped to rest.

"That was a grand ride!" said the Wooden Indian as he slid off and stretched his legs.

"It was!" panted the Saddler's Horse.

"Didn't we give them a scare?" said the Wooden Indian.

"We did!" puffed the Saddler's Horse.

To tell the truth, he was beginning to feel a bit tired, and was quite glad to stop galloping for a while and just rest quietly in the deep grass. It had been grand while it lasted, but now, all at once, his wooden limbs be-

gan to tremble and his wooden back began to ache. Tomorrow, he knew, he would be terribly stiff in all his joints. After all, when one is as old as the Saddler's Horse, and has never galloped before in one's life, one is bound to feel it!

Just then, somewhere in the distance, a train whistle blew; a long, plaintive note. The Saddler's Horse gave a start. He thought all at once of the sidewalk and the trees and the railroad station, the familiar street that he had gazed on for so many years. Six o'clock . . . at this very moment, perhaps, the saddler was stepping out of the doorway in his apron, ready to wheel him back into the cool, dark store to sleep for the night. And what would he find?

"Don't you think," said the Saddler's Horse in a rather shaky voice, "that we ought to be turning back now?"

"Back?" said the Wooden Indian. "I'm not going back! You can go if you want to, I shall stay here for the rest of my life and live in the woods!"

The Saddler's Horse looked doubtfully at the meadows, at the tall dark woods behind, and the sky deepening to sunset.

"Well . . . good-by!" he said.

"Good-by!" said the Indian.

Slowly and stiffly the Saddler's Horse began to limp back along the dusty highroad toward town. Every once in a while he turned his head to gaze back. There in the middle of the field, grown each moment smaller and smaller, he could see the Wooden Indian standing, waving his arms, clear against the sunset.

The saddler felt not at all cheerful that evening as he stood in his doorway, staring across the street. For one thing, he was afraid that at any moment the policeman might come and arrest him, because of all the disturbance that had occurred. He had talked it over with the antique dealer and they had both decided that the wisest thing was to say nothing about it.

Besides, he really did miss the Horse. He was proud of him, and they had lived together so long that he was like an old friend. All these years the saddler had wheeled him out every

morning, and wheeled him in to bed every night, and now goodness alone knew where he was or what had happened to him!

When the six o'clock whistle blew, the saddler had all he could do to keep from bursting into tears.

But next morning, when he opened the store door, his heart gave a great jump.

"Bless me!" cried the saddler.

For there in his old place on the sidewalk stood the Saddler's Horse, gazing down his nose at the automobiles just as usual. He looked a little dusty and perhaps a bit shaky on his legs, and of all strange things there was a burdock caught in his long tail! But otherwise he was none the worse. There he stood and there he stands to this day, perfectly contented, for he has never tried to run away again. You may see him yourself, any time between eight and six, if you happen to be passing by.

And as for the Wooden Indian, no one has ever seen him again.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The next CHILDREN'S DIGEST will be a combined August-September issue and will arrive around July 24th. We resume regular monthly publication with the October issue.

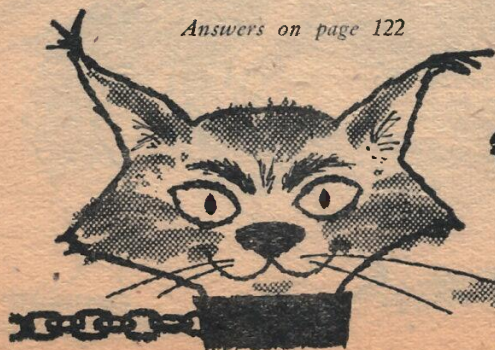


IT SOUNDS THE SAME

Although they are spelled differently and have different meanings, many words *sound* exactly like other words. *Him* and *hymn* is an example. Can you think of a word that sounds exactly like each of the following, but is spelled differently?

- | | | | |
|-----------|-------|-----------|-------|
| 1. Prints | _____ | 6. Hall | _____ |
| 2. Way | _____ | 7. Bow | _____ |
| 3. Heard | _____ | 8. Pear | _____ |
| 4. Rain | _____ | 9. Main | _____ |
| 5. Tacks | _____ | 10. Links | _____ |

Answers on page 122





A circle drawn around the throne—that was the emperor's strange message. But what did it mean?

the Clever Weaver

A story by ANDREW LANG



ONCE upon a time the king of a far country was sitting on his throne, listening to the complaints of his people, and judging between them. That morning there had been fewer cases than usual to deal with, and the king was about to rise and go into his gardens, when a sudden stir was heard outside. The lord high chamberlain entered and inquired if his majesty would be graciously pleased to receive the ambassador of a powerful emperor who lived in the east and was greatly feared by the neighboring sovereigns. This monarch was also known as a man fond of enigmas and riddles who often amused himself by dispatching puzzling messages to the courts of other states. The king, who stood as much in dread of him as the rest, gave orders that the envoy should be admitted at once, and that a banquet should be prepared in his honor. Then he seated himself again

on his royal throne.

The envoy said nothing. He advanced to the throne where the king was awaiting him, and stooping down, traced a black circle all round it on the floor. Then he sat down silently.

The king and his courtiers were equally enraged at this strange behavior. But the envoy sat as calm and still as an image, and it soon became plain that they would get no explanation from him. The ministers were hastily summoned to a council, but not one of them could throw any light upon the subject. This made the king more angry than ever, and he told them that unless they could find someone capable of solving the mystery he would hang them all.

THE king was, as the ministers knew, a man of his word. They quickly mapped out the city into districts, so they might visit house by house, and question the occupants as to the action of the ambassador. Most of them received no reply to their questions except a puzzled stare. But, luckily, one more observant than the rest, on entering an empty cottage found a swing swinging of itself.



There sat the weaver at his work.

Opening a door, he found a second swing, swinging gently like the first, and from the window he beheld a patch of corn, and a willow which switched perpetually to frighten away the sparrows though there was no wind. Feeling more and more curious, he descended the stairs and found himself in a large light workshop where a weaver sat at his loom. But all the weaver did was to guide his threads, for the machine he had invented made the loom work.

When he saw the great wheel standing in the corner, and had



Illustrations by SANFORD KOSSIN

But all he did was guide the threads, for the loom seemed to work by itself.

guessed the use of it, the minister heaved a sigh of relief. If the weaver could not guess the riddle, he at least might put the minister on the right track. So without more ado he told the weaver the story of the circle.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The sun is low and there is no time to lose."

The weaver stood thinking for a moment and then walked across to a window, outside of which was a hencoop with two dice cubes lying beside it. These he picked up, and taking the hen from the coop, he tucked it

under his arm with a smile.

"I am ready," he answered, turning to the minister.

In the hall the king still sat on his throne, and the envoy on his chair. Signing to the minister to remain where he was, the weaver advanced to the envoy and placed the dice cubes on the floor beside him. For answer, the envoy took a handful of millet seed out of his pocket and scattered it round; upon which the weaver set down the hen, who ate it up in a moment. At that the envoy rose without a word and took his departure.

As soon as he had left the hall, the king beckoned to the weaver.

"You alone seem to have guessed the riddle," said he, "and great shall be your reward. But tell me what it all means?"

"The meaning, O King," replied the weaver, "is this: The circle drawn by the envoy round your throne is the message of the emperor, and signifies, 'If I send an army and surround your capital, will you lay down your arms?' The dice cubes which I placed before him told him, 'You are but children in comparison with us. Toys like these are the only playthings you are fit for.' The millet that he scattered was an emblem of the number of soldiers that his master can bring into the field; but

by the hen which ate up the seed he understood that one of our men could destroy a host of theirs. I do not think," he added, "that the emperor will declare war."

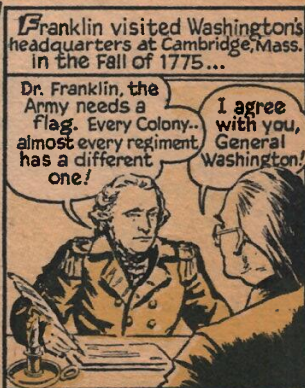
"You have saved me and my honor," cried the king, "and wealth and glory shall be heaped upon you. Name your reward, and you shall have it, even to the half of my kingdom."

"The small farm outside the city gates, as a marriage portion for my daughter, is all I ask," answered the weaver, and it was all he would accept. "Only, O King," were his parting words, "I would beg of you to remember that weavers also are of value to a state, and that they are sometimes cleverer than ministers!"

TOOTHPICK TUSSLE

BORROW three coffee cups from Mom, and a box of toothpicks, and you're all set to play this fascinating floor game. The picks are first divided evenly between the two players. They sit opposite each other on the rug, with the cups face-down in a row between them. The first player turns his back while the other person places one of his picks under one cup, two under

another cup, and three under the remaining cup. Then the first player turns around and picks up any cup he wishes. He gets to keep all the picks he finds. The other picks go back to the owner. Now the second player turns his back while the first player hides six of *his* picks under the cups in the manner just described. Keep taking turns until one player wins all the toothpicks.



A flag is a rallying point for soldiers! It must be something they can recognize, and love, and fight for!

Why don't you adopt a flag for the Army as a military necessity?

What would you suggest for a design?

Why not thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen Colonies?

It is too monotonous.. We need something up here!

The "Grand Union Flag," designed by Washington and Franklin in the Fall of 1775...

Soldiers of the armies of the United Provinces of North America: This is your flag!

Gentlemen, our Navy needs an official emblem. A warship not flying a recognized flag is a pirate!

January 1, 1776, Washington ordered that the "Grand Union Flag" be the official ensign of the Army.

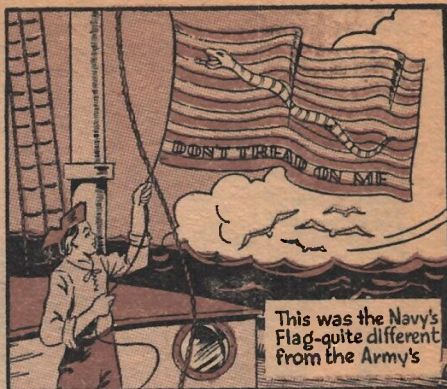
MEANTIME.. in the summer of 1775, John Paul Jones, meeting with the Marine Committee of Congress, pointed out:

ON December 22, 1775, John Paul Jones in command of the Battleship "Alfred" was handed an official Navy emblem



Lieutenant, here is the official Naval flag of the United Colonies, as adopted by the Marine Committee!

I'll order it flown at once, Sir!



This was the Navy's Flag—quite different from the Army's

PHILADELPHIA ... early June, 1776 ... Washington conferred with a member of the Military Committee of Congress ...

If the Independence Resolution passes Congress, we shall need another flag!

The British Cross in our American Flag is out of place!



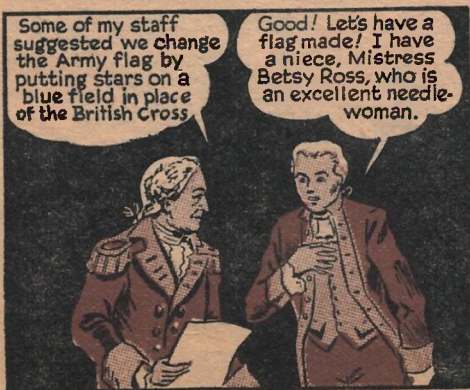
Will you present the question to Congress?

I'll be glad to! Have you a design in mind?



Some of my staff suggested we change the Army flag by putting stars on a blue field in place of the British Cross

Good! Let's have a flag made! I have a niece, Mistress Betsy Ross, who is an excellent needle-woman.



This is Betsy's house. Her husband, my nephew, was killed while working for the Military Committee.





INDEPENDENCE was declared July 4, 1776, but no action was taken on an official flag until June 14, 1777...



RESOLVED, that the flag of the United States of America be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation...

GENERAL WASHINGTON was notified of the adoption of a national flag ...

General Washington, the flag, as you and the Committee designed it, has been officially adopted!

We shall raise the flag at once!



ON the Navy, John Paul Jones first flew the new flag over the U.S. Ship "The Ranger."

Aye, aye, Sir!

Break out her colors!



JULY, 1777 ...re-enforcements brought to Fort Stanwix the new flag, which was under fire for the first time ...

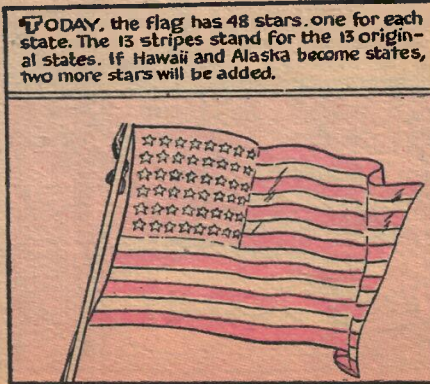
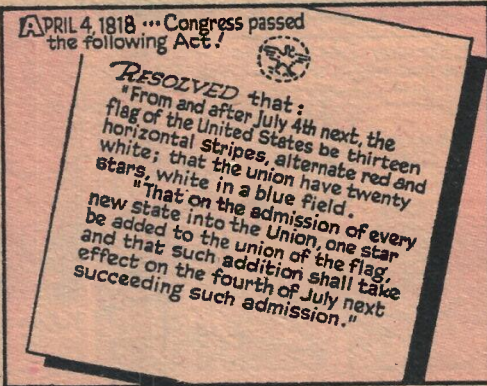
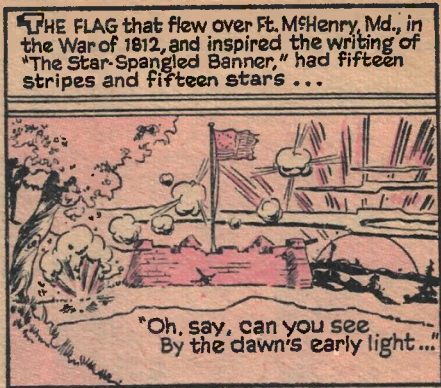
We must fly our new flag, but where will we get the cloth? to make it?

You may have my blue cloak.

You may have my white shirt!

ON AUGUST 4-5-6, 1777, the Indians and the British attacked the Fort furiously ..





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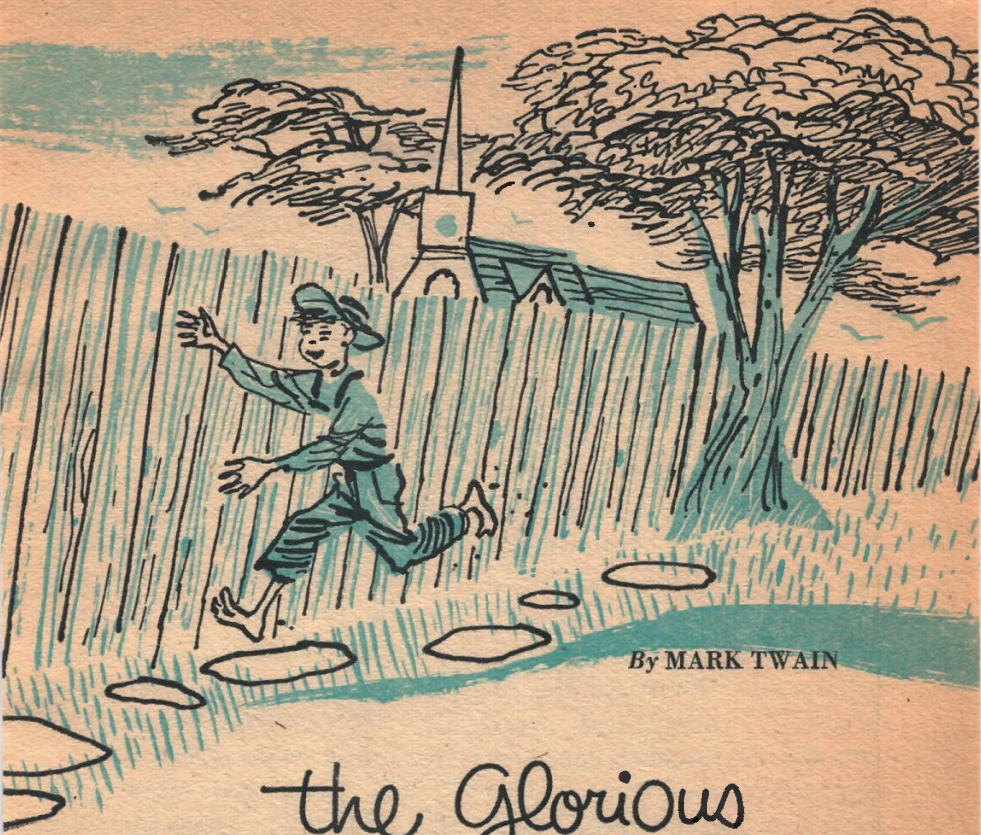
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*Here is a story
about America's
most loveable scamp
—Mark Twain's im-
mortal Tom Sawyer*



By MARK TWAIN

the glorious WHITEWASHER

SATURDAY morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in fair bloom and the sweet fragrance of the blos-

From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" by Mark Twain, pub. by Harper & Bros.

soms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of white-wash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden and a blight. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation, did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing "Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so at all. He remembered wistfully that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trad-

ing playthings, quarreling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered, too, that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour—and even then somebody generally had to go chasing after him. Tom said:

"Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

JIM shook his head and said: "Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody. She say she spec' Mars Tom gwine to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' 'tend to my own business—she 'lowed she'd 'tend to de whitewashin'."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way



Illustrations by DICK POWERS

Jim fled down the street.

she always talks. Gimme the bucket—I won't be gone only a minute. She won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Mars Tom. Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. 'Deed she would."

"She! She never licks anybody—whacks 'em over the head with her thimble—and who cares for that, I'd like to know. She talks awful, but talk don't hurt—anyways it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marvel. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim! And it's a bully taw."

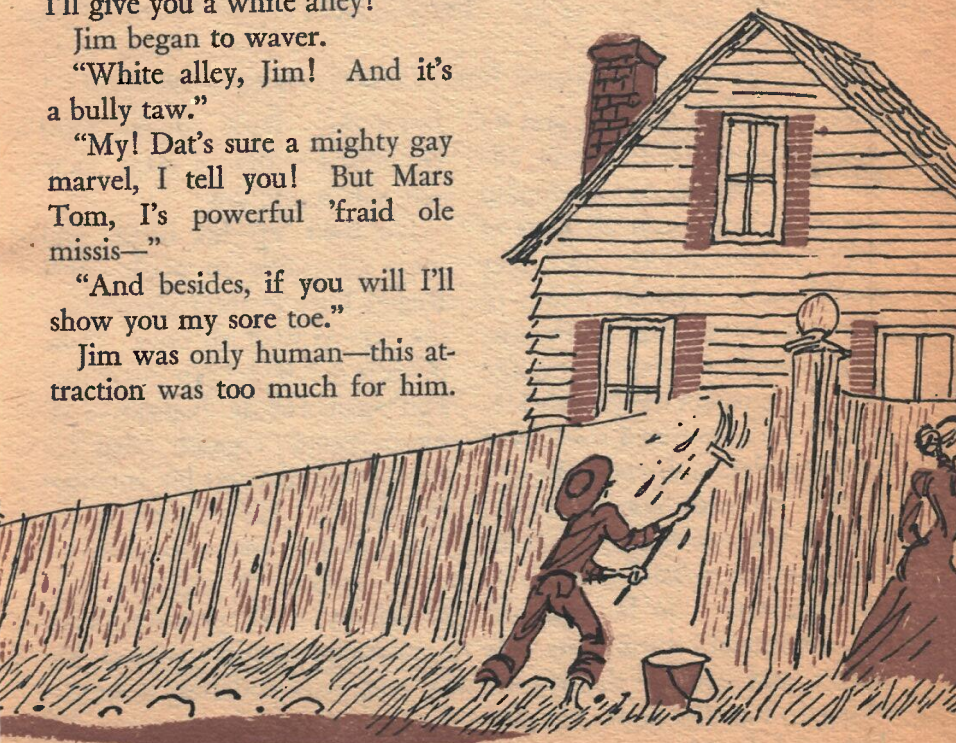
"My! Dat's sure a mighty gay marvel, I tell you! But Mars Tom, I's powerful 'fraid ole missis—"

"And besides, if you will I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him.

He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest while the bandage was being unwound. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he



Tom flew to his whitewashing, and Aunt Polly retired from the field in triumph.



"Please let me, Tom," begged Ben. "I'll give you my whole apple."

had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along, embarked on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out all his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an

inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was impersonating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed somewhat, took

the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was impersonating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

“Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!” The headway ran almost out and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

“Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!” His arms suddenly straightened and stiffened down his sides.

“Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!” His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot steamboat wheel.

“Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!” The left hand began to describe circles.

“Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling!

Chow-ow-ow! Get out that headline! Lively now! Come—out with your spring-line now—what’re you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! Sh’t! s’h’t! sh’t!” (trying the gaugecocks).

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention at all to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

“Hi-yi! You’re up a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the practiced eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him and looked. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

“Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?”

TOM wheeled suddenly and said:

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I warn’t noticing.”

“Say—I’m going in a-swimming, I am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther work—wouldn’t you?”

Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing with a flourish, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, ole friend, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move on the fence.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in an entirely new light. Ben suddenly stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered the matter, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and she wouldn't I'm sure. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful, you know; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd really like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him, no sir; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid either. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, tell you what—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

TOM gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but



*Tom took stock of all his treasure.
He was literally rolling in wealth.*

alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came,

from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews'-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—and an old window-sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle

time all the while—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this

would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling tenpins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

After reading this story you'll surely want to follow up the wonderful adventures of Tom Sawyer by reading the entire book. His famous creator, Mark Twain, wrote many other great works, such as "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and "Life on the Mississippi."

Brain Teasers

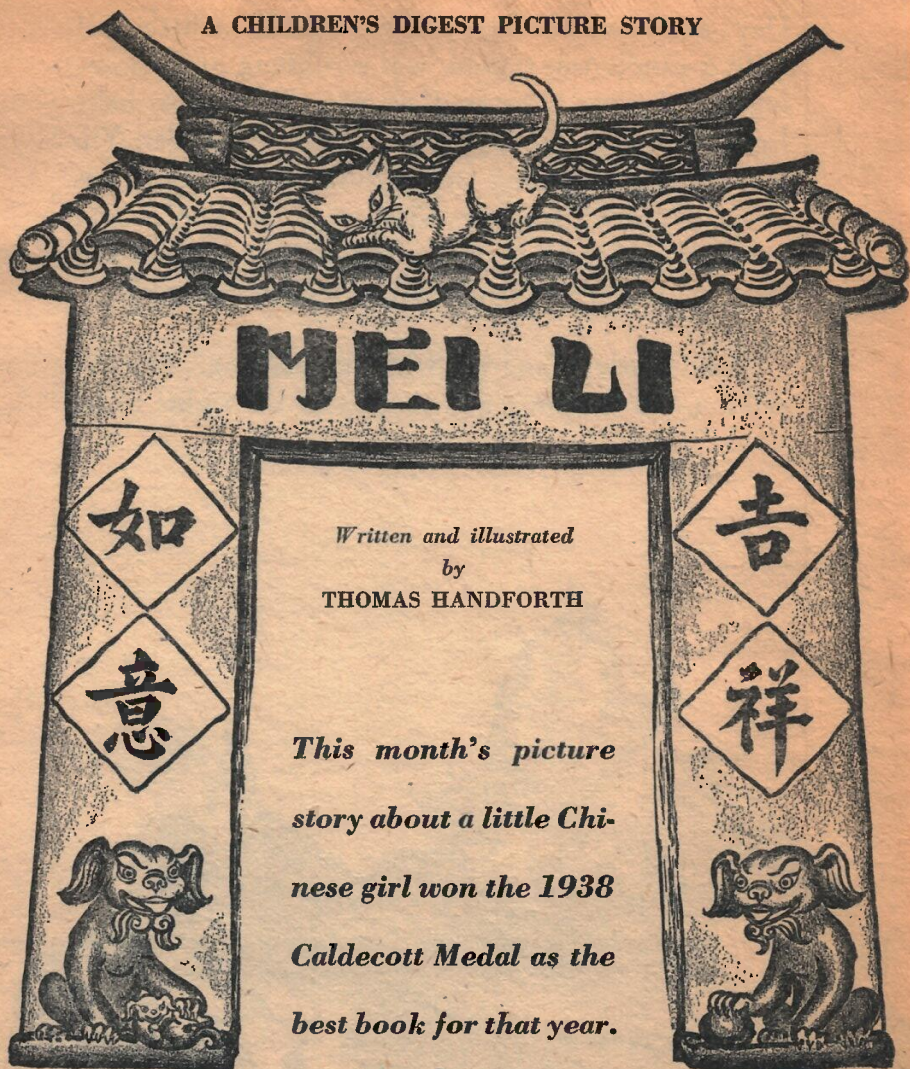
Name The City

A man took a plane to _____, where he intended to *plant onions, etc.* See if you can rearrange the letters in italics to make the name of the city that belongs in the blank space.

A Fine State

One of the 48 states has a name that ends with K. Can you think which one it is?

Answers on page 122



MEI LI

*Written and illustrated
by*
THOMAS HANDFORTH

*This month's picture
story about a little Chi-
nese girl won the 1938
Caldecott Medal as the
best book for that year.*

In North China, near the Great Wall, is a city shut in by a Wall. Not far from the city in the snow-covered country is a house with a wall around it, too. Inside the house on the morning before New Year's

From "Mei Li" © 1938 by Thos. Handforth, pub. by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Day, everyone was very busy. Mei Li, a little girl with a candle-top pigtail, was scrubbing and sweeping and dusting. Her mother, Mrs. Wang, was baking and frying and chopping. Her brother, San Yu, was fixing and tasting and mixing. A fine feast was being prepared for the Kitchen God, who would come at midnight to every family in China to tell them what they must do during the coming year.

Only Uncle Wang sat without working. He was talking and laughing and singing of the sights to be



seen in the city. Often, with his camels, he went there to sell vegetables; so he knew.

San Yu stopped to listen happily, because his mother had just told him that he could go that day to the New Year Fair in the city.

Mrs. Wang stopped to listen cheerily because she thought of the red candles and paper money that San Yu would bring back to please the Kitchen God.

Mei Li stopped to listen sadly because little girls always had to stay home.

"Eiya! Eiya!" she whimpered to herself, wagging





her candle-top. "If I always stay at home, what can I be good for? I am going to take my lucky treasures and have adventures like San Yu."

Into the pocket of her winter big coat Mei Li packed her three lucky pennies and her three lucky marbles—one lapis blue, one coral red, and one jade green.

Then she followed San Yu little by little through the court yard, being careful to wish a happy New Year to the ducks and pigs.

"New rejoicing, Mrs. Ugly Pig!" she said, bowing politely. "New rejoicing, Stupid Mr. Duck!" she said, again bowing politely.

When no one was looking she slipped quickly through the gate.

Outside the gate Mei Li caught up with San Yu.

"Please, San Yu, take me on the ice sled with you as far as the city gate," she whispered.

"What can a girl do at the Fair?" scoffed San Yu.

"I will give you my lapis-blue marble if you will," said Mei Li.



And San Yu whispered back, "Can-Do."

Then Igo, the small white dog, begged to go, too. Sam Yu's thrush did not want to be left at home either. So San Yu, Mei Li, Igo and the thrush all set out together on an ice sled. A man pulled it, slipping and sliding down the frozen canal.



Across the bridge a donkey was waiting for them. San Yu, Mei Li, the thrush and Igo climbed on his back, and jerkity-jerk he trotted off through the gate in the thick wall.



Now they were inside the city, trotting along a wide street.

They saw people riding in rickshas, and people on camels, ladies in glass carriages, men on shaggy Mongol ponies, and other boys and girls on donkeys. And all of them were dressed in their finest clothes, and all of them were going merrily to enjoy the New Year holiday. It was as exciting as Uncle Wang had said.

It was lunchtime when they arrived at the Great



Square. There some of the city children were eating bean-curd sweets and buying sugared fruits.

Mei Li wanted candy too, but even more she wanted a firecracker. She spent her second penny on firecrackers. She was too frightened to shoot them off herself, so she gave them to San Yu and ran away with her fingers in her ears.

"Bang! Bang!" popped the crackers.

"Pooh! Pooh!" sneered San Yu. "Girls are always afraid. What *can* a girl do at the New Year Fair?"



"Lots of things," said Mei Li. "Look at those girls in the circus over there. They can walk on stilts. They can balance on a tight-rope. They can throw pots and pans in the air with their feet. And so can I!"

She ran to a circus girl who looked strong "Oh, please, will you hold me upside down in the palm of your hand?" Mei Li begged. "I want to try it."

The circus girl lifted her high in the air.

Mei Li balanced all right, but her legs wobbled a little.



"Ho!" jeered San Yu. "Anyone can learn that kind of trick. But only boys can be real actors!" San Yu had dressed himself up as a wise old man with a silly long beard. He was performing with one of the boys in the traveling show who was dressed like an emperor with a crown like a pot of flowers. They were singing songs together in high squeaky voices.

Girls couldn't be actors, Mei Li knew. She looked around for something else to do. There in one corner of the Fairgrounds, was a black bear with a ring in



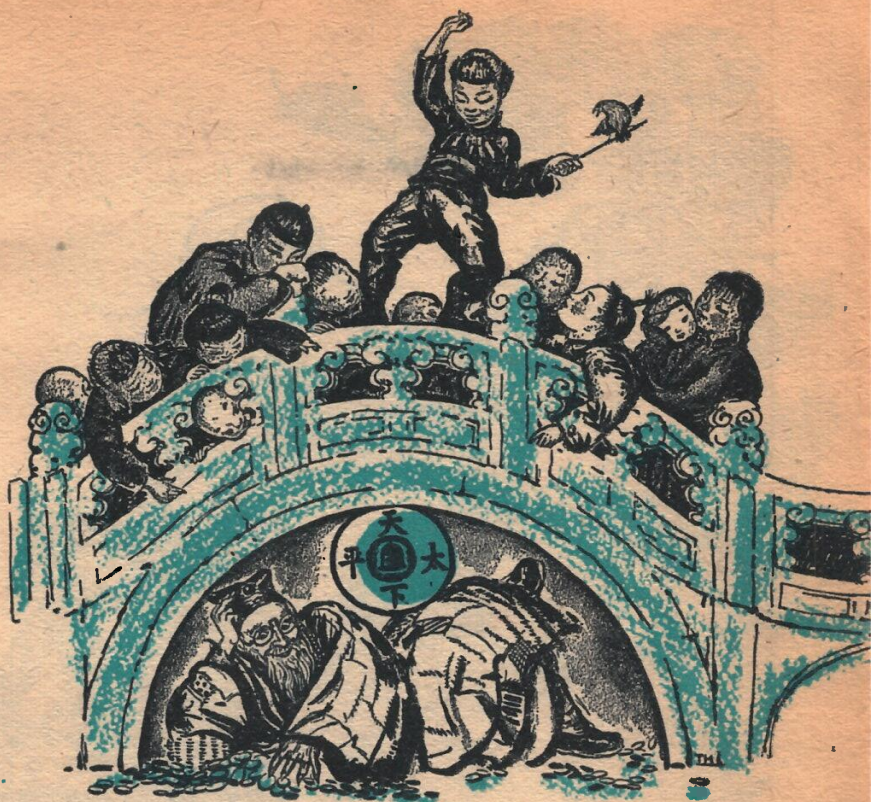
his nose. She would show San Yu how brave she was. She would make the bear do tricks!

Mei Li's candle-top trembled as she held out a bit of bean-cake to the bear. The bear bounced up and down and flapped his padded paws, begging for the cake.



Mei Li ran now to join some girls who were riding circus ponies. Her pony pranced around the ring, and her candle-top bobbed up and down as she danced on his back. She was beginning to feel like a real circus performer, but suddenly she missed San Yu.

She hurried down the street and found him at the Bridge of Wealth. Under the Bridge of Wealth hung



a little bell, and under the bell lay a skinny, wrinkled priest who mumbled, "Ring the bell with a penny, and you will have money for all the year."

"Oh," wailed Mei Li, "my last lucky penny, and the bell is so tiny! I'm sure I could never hit it. Here, San Yu, you throw it for me." And she gave her last penny to San Yu.

"Ting-ling!" tinkled the bell.

"Ho, I am rich!" sang San Yu. "Igo and I are going to buy a kite. Look after my thrush while I'm gone."



"Oh," spluttered Mei Li, and her candle-top whisked with rage, "my last lucky penny! What can I do now?" She started sadly up a near-by hill. And there at the top, under a gnarly old pine tree, sat a young priest telling fortunes with bamboo sticks.

"Tell me a fine fortune and I'll give you my coral-red marble," pleaded Mei Li. "My brother is going to be rich, and I want to be as lucky as he."

"You will rule over a kingdom," replied the priest,



waving his magic wand over the sticks and taking the coral-red marble.

Mei Li ran happily down the hill. Surely, if the fortune sticks said she was going to rule a kingdom she would. But how could she rule a kingdom unless she was a princess? And who ever heard of a princess without a crown?

At the foot of the hill she met some girls who were all dressed up to go to the Fair. Mei Li told them about the fortune and they helped her to make a crown with a jade-green marble fixed in front.

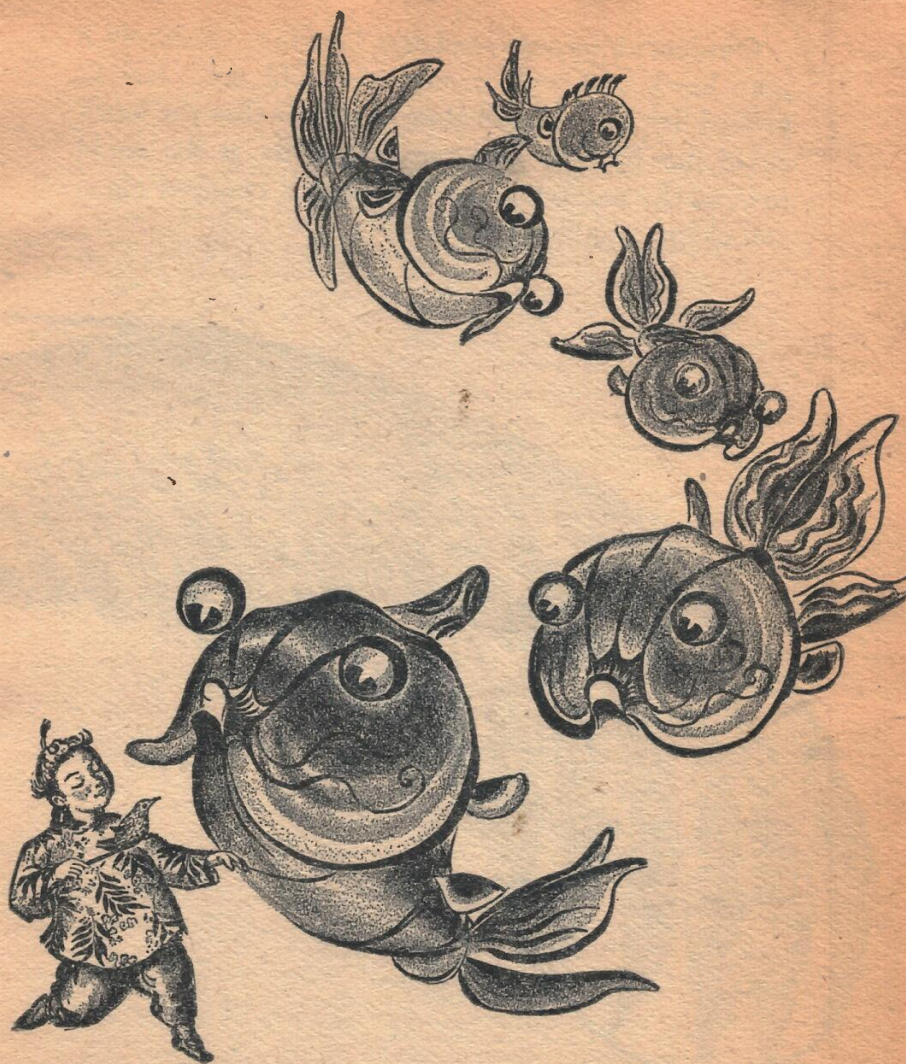
Mei Li's candle-top wagged proudly above it as she strutted down the street. This was more fun than performing in a circus. She came to a large toy shop.



Surely a princess with a crown could visit a toy shop, even though she had no lucky pennies to spend, thought Mei Li. Inside there were rows upon rows of tiny figures, priests, peddlers, dancing girls, wise men, musicians, monkeys and deer.

"Perhaps," thought Mei Li, as she played, "they are all here to honor me!" But the little figures were made of painted wood, and very soon Mei Li left them.

The next room was bright with New Year lanterns



made to look like fishes. All the bulgy fishy eyes stared at her.

"They are looking at my lovely crown," thought Mei Li, and her candle-top swished with vanity.

Outdoors a strong wind was blowing. Suddenly a gray hawk swooped through the cold sky. Mei Li pressed San Yu's thrush close to her, so that the hawk could not hurt it. She ran as quickly as she could toward the market place. The hawk swooped close, and closer, and closer still!



"Poor little thrush!" thought Mei Li, her candle-top stiff with fright. "What can I do to save you?"

Just then a large goose escaped from its basket. Quickly Mei Li crawled under the basket and lay still as dead.



Thump! Thump! Thump! beat her heart. "Haw! Haw! Haw!" echoed some throaty snorts.

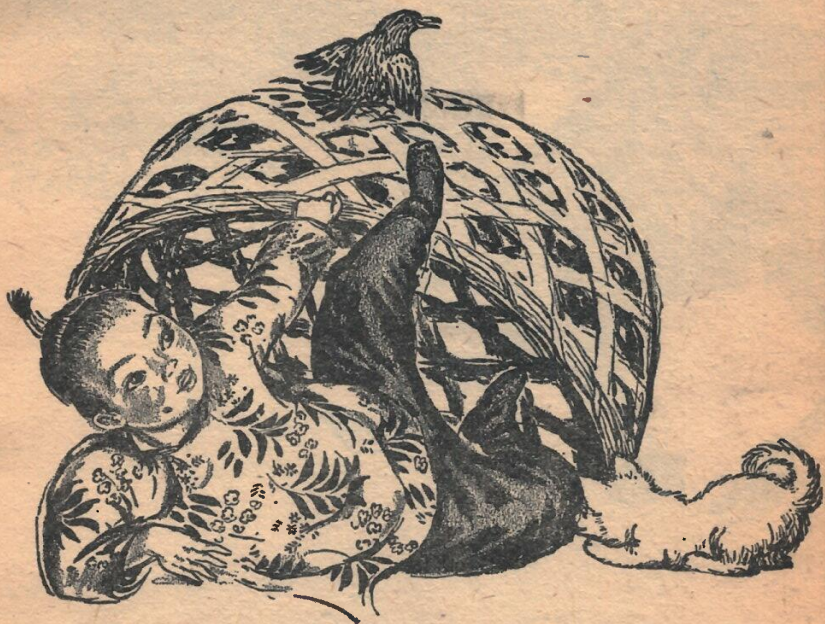
"Those 'haws' are not hawk 'haws'," Mei Li said to her thrush. She peeked through a hole in the basket and saw three clumsy camels laughing at her.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" came from the other side, and three deep voices said, "There's the rascal we're looking for!"



"Bandits!" thought Mei Li. Again she lay still as dead, and her heart beat Thump! Thump! Thump!

Then she felt a tug, tug, tugging at her candle-top and a tug, tug, tugging at her trousers, and a yap, yap, yapping in her ear and a yap, yap, yapping at her feet. It was Igo.



"Tee-hee-hee!" hooted San Yu, who had been hiding behind a baby camel. "That wasn't a hawk chasing you, it was only my kite."

"You are brave for a girl, to protect San Yu's thrush, but don't you know your own uncle in his fur hat?" said Uncle Wang. "I have been hunting for you all day, and if we don't hurry back on the camels, before the city gate closes, we'll not get home tonight to greet the Kitchen God."



"Up we go," said Uncle Wang, and he climbed on the first camel, holding Mei Li safely in front of him. San Yu and his thrush sat on the second camel, and Igo rode proudly by himself on the third.

And then the camels, with the riders between their humps and the baby camel tagging behind, galumphed through the evening light. Faster and faster they raced through the darkening streets: through the falling sparks of bursting New Year rockets. They were too late! The city gate was swinging closed!



But no! Lidza, the beggar girl, was holding the heavy door open with her feet. She knew that Mei Li must be home by midnight to greet the Kitchen God. And even five policemen and five soldiers could not force her away until Mei Li was through the gate.

Surely no kingdom could be as nice as home. How glad she was at the sight of her house among the trees behind the wall!

"Oh, the best part of going to the Fair is getting home," cried Mei Li, as Uncle Wang lifted her down from the camel's back. "And we are still in time for the New Year feast."

"Do not be sad because you have brought home no presents," said Mrs. Wang to San Yu. "You have brought us the princess who rules our hearts." And while she waited to greet the Kitchen God, Mei Li wondered: "Even Mamma knows that I am a princess just as the fortune sticks said, but where can my kingdom be?"



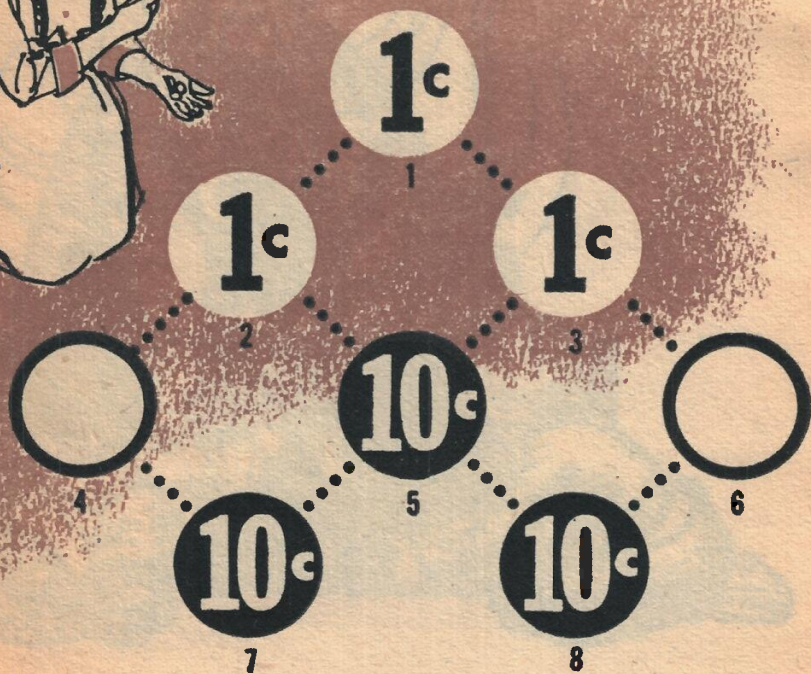


At midnight, when the Kitchen God appeared behind the flame and smoke of burning incense, behind the honey cakes and dumplings which Mrs. Wang had cooked for him, he said solemnly, blinking at Mei Li, "This house is your kingdom and palace. Within its walls all living things are your loyal, loving subjects."

Mei Li sighed happily, "It will do for a while."

PUZZLE

Answers on page 122

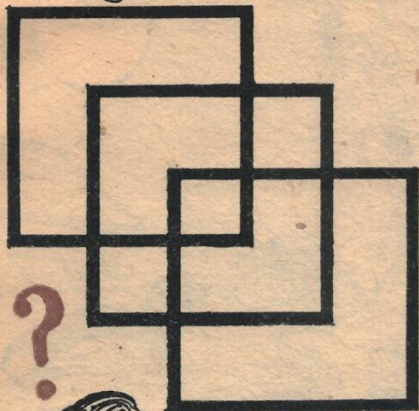


UP AND DOWN EXCHANGE

Place a penny on each circle marked 1¢ and a dime on each circle marked 10¢. The object is to make the pennies and dimes change places. Start by moving a penny along a line to an empty

circle, then move a dime, then a penny, and so on, alternating coins. Dimes can move *up* only, pennies *down* only. If you reach a point where you can't move, start over and try again. You'll find that it can be done!

PARADE



?

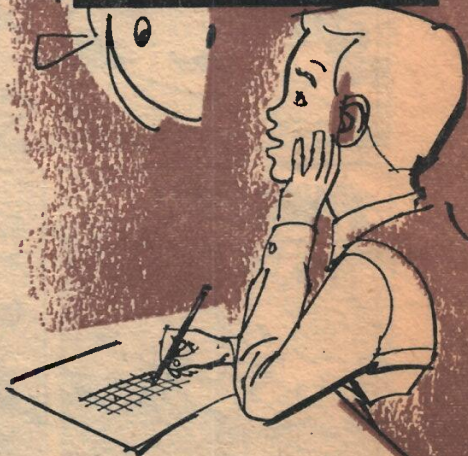
?



LEWIS CARROLL'S SQUARES

This interesting puzzle was invented by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Draw the three squares in one continuous line without crossing any lines or taking the pencil off the paper.

T	E	A	A	P	C
P	E	K	E	N	Y

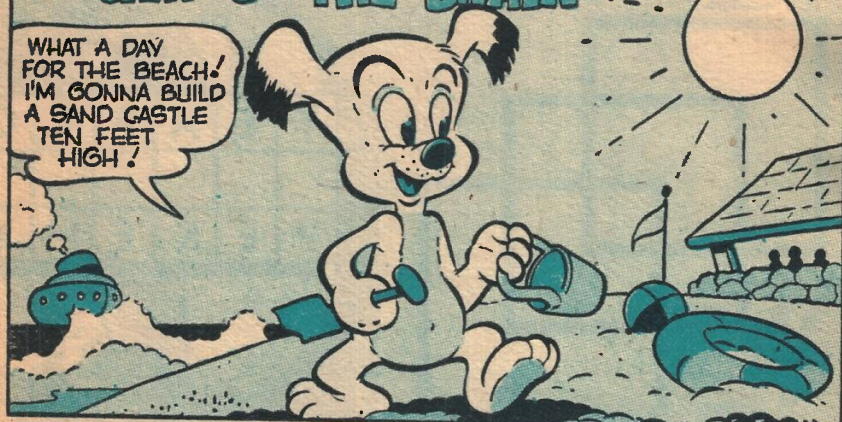


FIND THE MISSING WORD

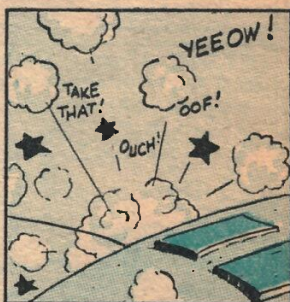
See if you can put the right letters in the blank squares above so that each vertical column is a three-letter word, and the center horizontal row spells the name of a familiar sea animal.

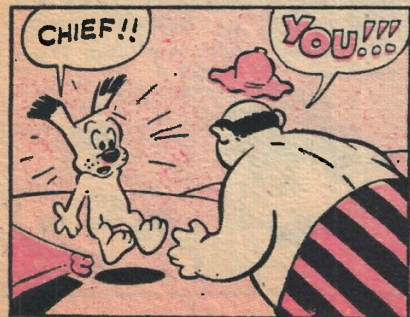
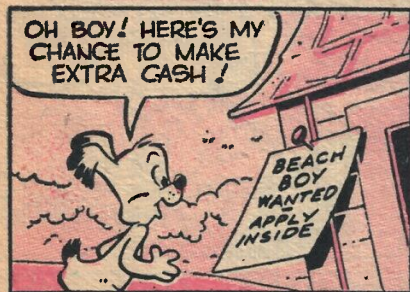
SNIFFY the PUP

in "SAND ON THE BRAIN"



From "Sniffy the Pup" No. 12, copyright 1951 by Animated Cartoons, Inc.





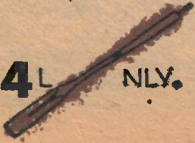


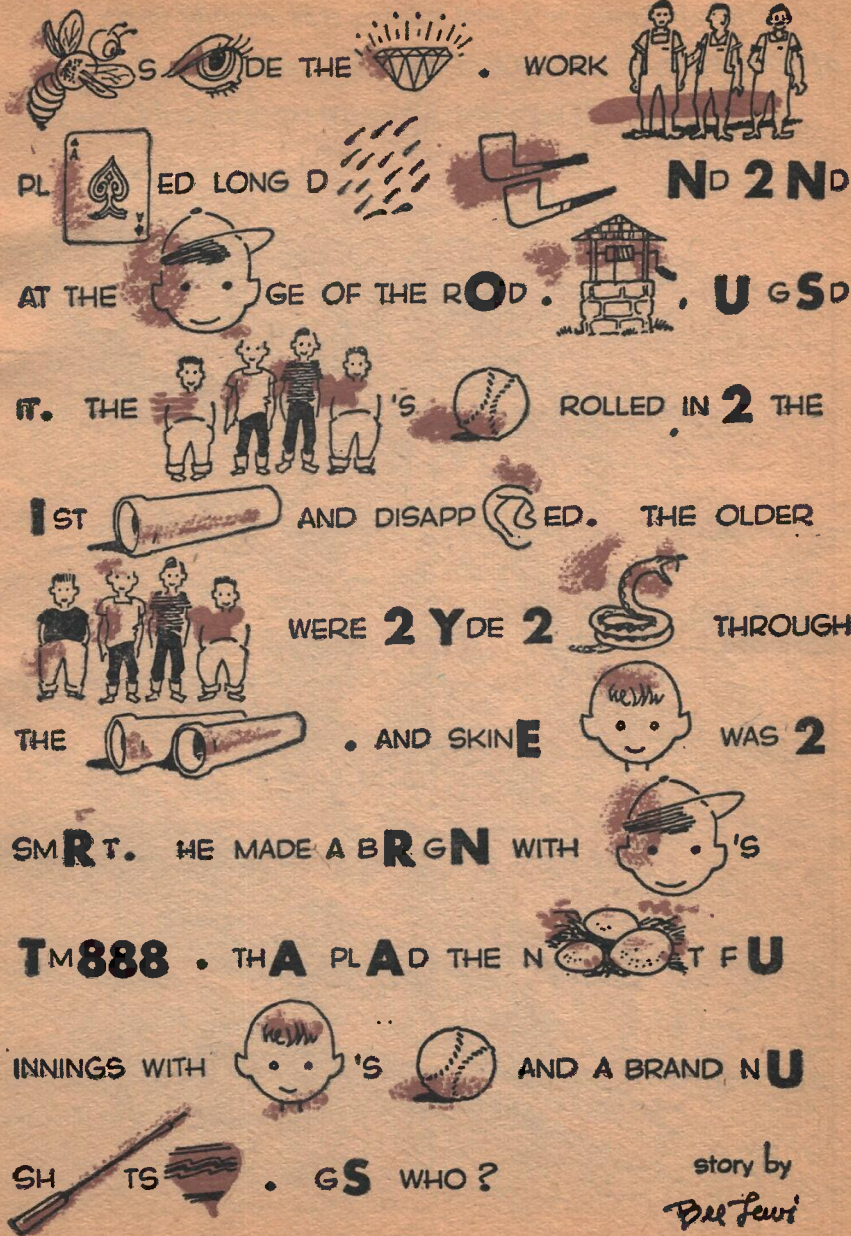




Batter Up!

A PICTURE-WORD STORY

 , SKIN **E** BRUCE,  , SAT ON
 THE  DEL  NES WITH HIS  AND 
 AND PRE **IO** DED HE WAS W **8** ING **2** PLA ON HIS
 BROTHER  'S **T**M. THE OLDER 
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 HAD TR  **D** AG **N** . NOW HE  **D** THE
 GAME **4**  L NLY. SOON A  S  ED

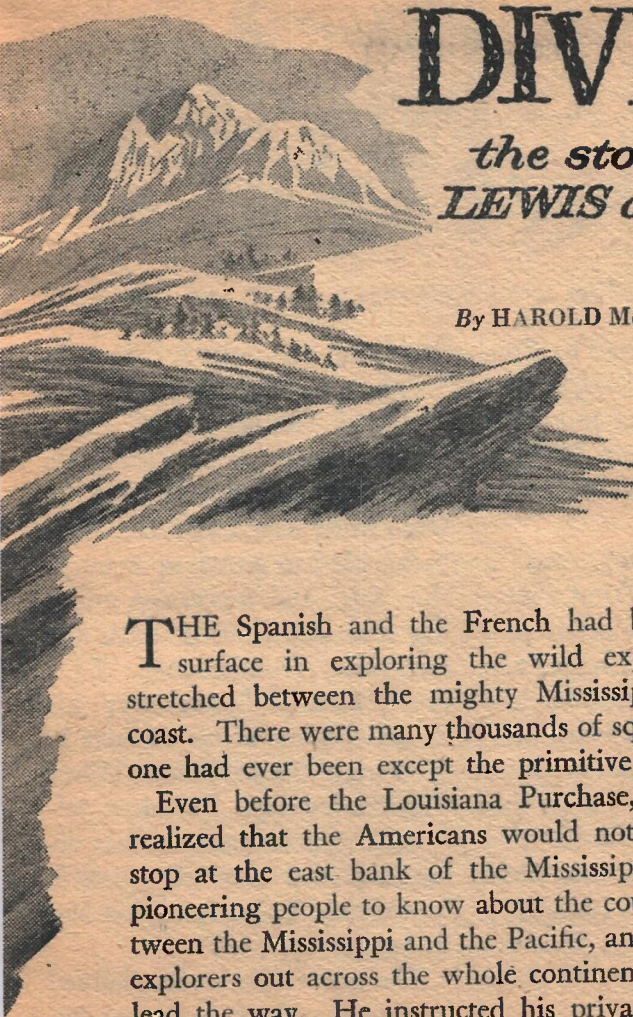


story by
Dee Lewis

*Out of America's past comes this mighty story
of adventure. It's about two brave men who blazed
an historic trail into the unknown western wilderness*



From "Winning of the West," © 1955 by H. McCracken, pub. by Garden City Books.



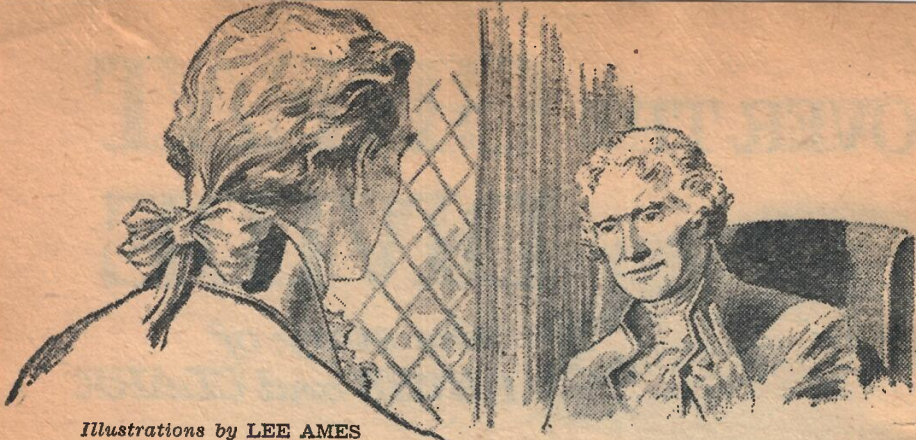
OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE

the story of
LEWIS and CLARK

By HAROLD McCracken

THE Spanish and the French had barely scratched the surface in exploring the wild expanse of land that stretched between the mighty Mississippi and the Pacific coast. There were many thousands of square miles where no one had ever been except the primitive Indians.

Even before the Louisiana Purchase, President Jefferson realized that the Americans would not long be content to stop at the east bank of the Mississippi. He wanted his pioneering people to know about the country that spread between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and he decided to send explorers out across the whole continent to find out and to lead the way. He instructed his private secretary to work out plans for an expedition from St. Louis up the entire length of the Missouri River and over the Rocky Mountains to the newly discovered mouth of the Columbia River. In



Illustrations by LEE AMES

"Two men are needed for such a dangerous mission," said Jefferson.

the President's message to Congress on January 18, 1803, he proposed the undertaking and asked for an appropriation of \$2500 to carry it out. Congress voted its approval.

Jefferson's secretary was a slender and good-looking young patriot, the son of a prominent Virginia family. His name was Meriwether Lewis, and he had been trying to organize just such an adventurous expedition since the age of eighteen. Now his dreams were to be realized. The President, however, decided there should be two leaders for such a dangerous undertaking. If something happened to one, the other could carry on.

Lewis recommended his friend, William Clark, another young patriot, particularly well

fitted for the project. Born in Virginia, he and his family had migrated westward and established themselves in a stockade and blockhouse overlooking the Ohio River near Louisville, Kentucky. He had grown up in buckskin shirt and moccasins, hunting and adventuring with the Kentucky frontiersmen. The great Daniel Boone was his friend and one of his teachers in the ways of the wilderness. When William received President Jefferson's appointment he was delighted. And thus the historic Lewis and Clark Expedition had its beginning.

The undertaking was planned to obtain reliable facts and information about the country, its native tribes, resources, and natural history. Thomas Jefferson

was an ardent naturalist and insisted that special attention be given to the animals and birds that would be found in the new country. There was at the time a popular belief, even among scientists, that perhistoric mammoths still roamed about in the Northwest, and Jefferson instructed his former secretary to be on the lookout for these elephant-like monsters. This gives an idea of how very little was known about the country through which the explorers planned to travel! But the most important purpose of the expedition was to blaze a trail for the American migration westward.

MANY of the vital supplies for the expedition had to be transported by wagon over the soaring ranges of the Appalachian Mountains to Pittsburgh, where a large flat-bottomed boat was built to carry them down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi.

Captain William Clark was waiting at Louisville to join the expedition. He had enlisted nine of the best Kentucky frontiersmen he knew. Also going along was his faithful Negro servant, York, who had been his constant

companion and protector since boyhood. York was the only member of the party who had not been enlisted in the U. S. Army for the expedition.

It was December, 1803, before they reached St. Louis, where the rest of the men would be signed up and the long journey would really begin. The Spanish were still in control of Upper Louisiana, however. The whole thing was badly mixed up, and the



*The ice in the river had melted.
At last the journey could begin.*

hostile Spanish would not permit Lewis and Clark to go on with their travels. So they went into winter quarters on the American side of the Mississippi.

Not until March 9, 1804, was Upper Louisiana officially turned over to the United States in cere-

monies at St. Louis. Captain Lewis, as secretary to President Jefferson, was one of the witnesses on behalf of the United States Government.

By the time the ice was out of the rivers, everything was ready. The expedition would travel in three big river boats. They all carried sails and could be rowed with long heavy oars. The one built in Pittsburgh was the largest, being fifty-five feet long. It had living quarters and places for twenty-two oarsmen. There was a special apron which could be raised, when necessary, as protection against the arrows of the Indians. The other two boats were somewhat smaller and entirely open.

There were forty-five men in all, carefully selected for their bravery, frontier ability, and trustworthy character. They had plenty of flintlock rifles, powder and lead, and a small cannon which could be mounted for action on the bow of the "flagship."

The Lewis and Clark Expedition got on its way on Monday, May 14, 1804. The three boats pulled out into the strong spring current of brown water and headed westward across the Mississippi from their winter camp

site, toward the mouth of the Missouri. All the oars had to be manned, for the wind was against them and it was raining. Enthusiasm ran high, although they made only four miles that first day.

For almost three weeks it was just hard work, pulling at the big oars all day. They passed occasional farms and little settlements of the Spanish créoles, who watched them with lazy indifference as they passed. But it wasn't very long before the expedition came to great stretches of wild country where there were no farms and game was abundant. There were deer, wild turkey, and some black bear and beaver. Then they entered the land of the buffalo, the antelope, coyotes and big gray wolves.

BY the end of July they had crossed what is now Missouri to where the river turns northward, forming the boundary of Kansas, and then separates the states of Iowa and Nebraska. This was then entirely the land of the Indian.

As the explorers struggled endlessly to row or drag their heavy boats slowly up the river, or roamed out over the rolling coun-



The six chiefs, dressed in all their finery, came to hold a council.

OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE

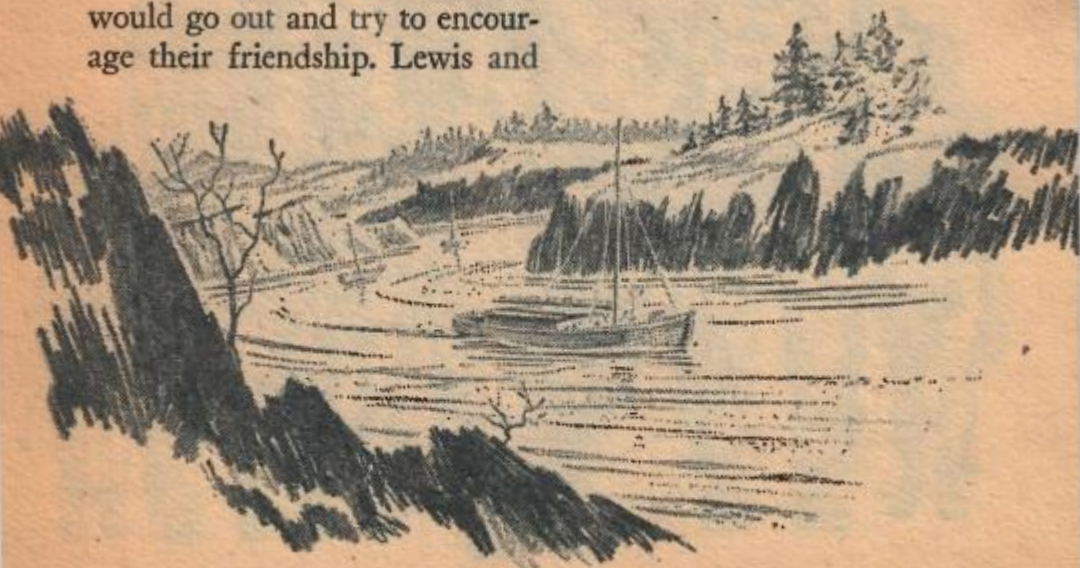
try for game, they occasionally glimpsed half-naked red warriors who watched them curiously from afar. Sometimes a group of Indians would be seen lined up on the crest of a low ridge, sitting tensely on their horses. Then—suddenly—they would dash away, out of sight.

This was before the Indians realized that the white man was invading their native land to take it away from them entirely—before the Indian had learned to hate the white man.

Sometimes, when the expedition boats were tied up at a camp site on the shore, bands of Indians would venture in to visit them, or a party of the explorers would go out and try to encourage their friendship. Lewis and

Clark offered the tribesmen presents of pieces of cloth and beads and invited them to bring along their chiefs to hold councils and to receive gifts from them.

The first big council was held on August 3 on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River where it now forms the Iowa-Nebraska boundary. Six chiefs of the Oto and the Missouri tribes came with many of their warriors, all dressed in their finest and most colorful Indian decorations. The explorers erected a huge canopy to shelter the important personages from the hot sun, using the sail of the largest boat for the purpose. All the warriors paraded in front of this shelter. With



Up the wide Missouri they sailed, into country no white man had ever seen.

proper ceremony, the chiefs were presented medals and given gifts of cloth, paint, fancy garters, and a canister of gunpowder for use by one of the visiting dignitaries who possessed a flintlock gun.

In the official journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition it is written: "The incident just related induced us to give to this place the name of Council Bluff"—a name which is still preserved in the modern Iowa city.

It is remarkable how little trouble the Lewis and Clark Expedition had with the many tribes of Indians they met throughout the whole journey. This is high credit to the manner in which the explorers conducted themselves; and it shows, too, that the red men were quite willing to meet the white men on friendly terms.

By the latter part of October the expedition had traveled a distance of about 1600 miles up the Missouri to what is now central North Dakota. This was the land of the Mandan Indians, and the expedition stopped near their main village to build winter quarters.

Lewis and Clark were not the first nor the only white men to come this far. When they reached

the big Mandan village they found a Scotsman by the name of Hugh McCracken, who, with one companion, had been trading with the Indians for horses and buffalo skins. He had come down overland from the British North West Company's fort on the Assiniboin River near the present Canadian city of Winnipeg. There were also a few French Canadians scattered through the surrounding country. The French explorer La Verendrye had led some fifty of his countrymen across the country from the Great Lakes and visited this same Mandan tribe in December, 1738, or sixty-six years before. But the Europeans who had visited the country had been few and far between, and the outside world knew extremely little about it.

THE Mandans were very friendly toward the explorers, and during the long winter Lewis and Clark learned a great deal about the great unknown that lay beyond.

When spring came, some of the members of the expedition were sent back to St. Louis, with the natural-history specimens and other materials and information

that had been collected. Thirty-three of the party went on, including Sacajawea, the Indian woman known as the "Bird Woman."

Still traveling on the Missouri River, they moved farther northward, then swung west across the present boundary of Montana, passing the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Now they were in country of which even the earliest fur traders knew little or nothing. Ahead stretched more than a thousand miles of unexplored wilderness—the home of powerful Indian tribes no white man had ever seen—where big herds of wild game roamed almost everywhere over the wide prairies and green hillsides. Somewhere beyond—no one knew just how far—the great Rocky Mountains rose high in the western sky.

The river became too swift for oars, too deep for the use of poles, and the banks were often so steep and rocky that it was impossible for the men to climb along and drag the boats from the shore with towlines.

Everywhere a man looked he saw things that no white man had ever seen before. Every day, almost every hour, brought a new

discovery, a new difficulty, or a new danger. They had no serious troubles with the Indians; but they found another enemy, the fierce and powerful grizzly bear.

Six of their best hunters went ashore from the boats to shoot a big grizzly that had been seen a short distance from the river. Four of the men crept close through the brush, while the others remained a little farther away. As they all had single-shot, muzzle-loading rifles, two of the hunters fired first. Both of the shots hit their mark. But the wounded beast reared up and charged upon them with open mouth and making a furious sound. Then the other two hunters fired their weapons. One of these shots broke the grizzly's shoulder and slowed him down a little.

Unable to reload their guns before the bear would be upon them, they all took to their heels and ran as fast as possible toward the river. The others who had stayed even farther away also fired their rifles, but the grizzly could not be stopped.

TWO of the men jumped in to the canoe just before the beast got its claws upon them.



They hurtled over the edge with the charging grizzly right behind them.
OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE

The rest raced away through the bushes, frantically trying to get their rifles reloaded as the mighty bear turned suddenly and went lumbering after them.

As each gun was ready again, the shot was fired. Most of the balls struck their mark. But instead of stopping the monster, they sent him charging after the hunters. Two of the men were pursued so closely that they frantically threw aside their guns and jumped down a steep

twenty-foot bank into the river. The grizzly leaped down into the water after them and was just about to overtake one of the swimmers when a lucky shot fired from the nearby shore struck the beast in the head and killed him instantly.

At last, on August 12, 1805, Captain Lewis and a small scouting party went on ahead and reached a place where the mighty Missouri River was such a tiny stream that one of the men stood



At one spot the mighty river was so tiny that one of the men straddled it!

with a foot on either side of it! A little farther on they discovered its source. The same day they stood on the towering peaks of the Great Divide. Beyond they could look down across the country that led to the Pacific.

The main party crossed the divide on August 26. They went down to the Snake River—on to where it flows into the Columbia, and on to where the big river flows into the sea. It was on November 7, 1805, that the Lewis and Clark Expedition reached a place where they could gaze out upon the Pacific Ocean. They were the first to cross the central part of the American continent, within the boundaries of what is now the United States.

Here, at the mouth of the Columbia River, the expedition built a fort in which to spend another winter. They hoisted the American flag over the fort and claimed the territory in the name of the United States.

The long journey back to St. Louis was begun on March 23, 1806. A serious shortage of food caused them to start before the snow was out of the mountains. Not only their supplies, but their trade goods and presents for the Indians were desperately low.

They also had large quantities of skins and other things which had been collected and were being taken back to Washington. Some of the skins were big and heavy, such as those of grizzlies, elk, and deer. But they managed to get everything up the Columbia River, up the Snake River, and over the Great Rocky Mountains; then down the entire length of the Missouri River.

On Tuesday, September 23, 1806, the Lewis and Clark Expedition returned to St. Louis—two years, four months, and nine days after they had started out. They had traveled by river boat and overland, including the many side trips of exploration, a total distance amounting to about one third the circumference of the earth. Much of this journey was in territory never before visited by any white man.

THE exciting story contained in the published account of the expedition fired the ambition and desire of many thousands throughout the United States as well as in Europe. The courageous Lewis and Clark Expedition blazed the first clear trail which led to the opening and the winning of the American West.

~~~ new books

JULIO,

By LORETTA MARIE TYMAN, *illustrated by Jean Charlot*

JULIO lived in a small Mexican village in the center of a rocky island. He wasn't happy because the other boys teased him. "Some day," thought Julio, .. "I will do something they wouldn't dare do. I'll go to the city." And one day he did just that. It was more exciting than he had imagined. Next day a friendly American took him back to his island in a motor boat. And guess what he brought back with him that made the other boys envious? An old rubber tire for a swing! (Abelard-Schuman, \$2.50)

THE STORY OF VALENTINE.

By WILMA P. HAYS, *illustrated by Leonard Weisgard*

NOT much is known about how Valentine's Day started, but this author, taking the few facts known about it, has written a fine story about a little Roman boy named Octavian who received the first Valentine message. A priest named Valentine was very kind to Octavian and his friends. He let them play in his garden. When the priest was put in prison he sent his garden key to Octavian with the message, "Love from your Valentine." Years later, when the people of Rome wished to honor Valentine, they called his birthday, February 14th, St. Valentine's Day. Now we send messages to our friends on the same day, just as Valentine did years ago. (Coward-McCann, \$2.50)

you will enjoy

By PHYLLIS FENNER, *Children's Librarian*

CRAB VILLAGE, By JULIA CLARK, *illustrated by Bernard Brett*

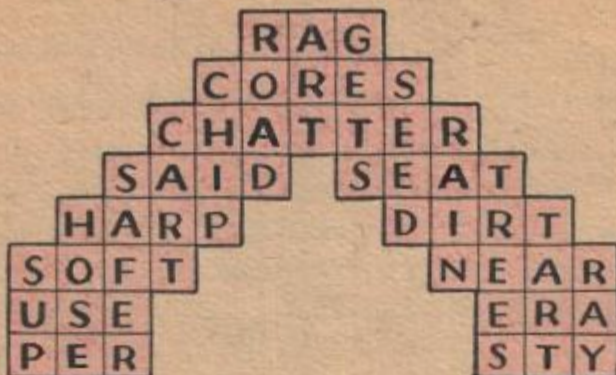
YOU'LL believe in magic when you finish this book, and you'll wish with all your heart that you could spend a season in Crab Village. Just the names of the streets sound like magic: *Cobble House, Old Galley Boat*. The East Wind roared around its chimneys and there was a smell of tar and fish in the air. When Lucy came to visit Miss Toby many things happened, but the nicest of all was the party they had for Old Mr. Spragge. And there was a surprise guest, too—a mermaid! (Holt, \$2.50)

CAPTAIN KIDD'S CAT: The True Chronicle of Wm. Kidd, as narrated by His Ship's Cat, McDermot, Who ought to know, *Set down and illustrated by Robert Lawson*

WHO was the World's most infamous pirate? Why, Captain Kidd, you'd say. Well, you're wrong, and here is the story to prove that Captain Kidd was really a mild little man, in terror of his wife. After all, McDermot, the Cat ought to know. He sailed with the Captain on his last voyage, and he even gave up the ruby he wore in his left ear just so Captain Kidd could have new clothes to wear at his own hanging. This is as piratey a tale as you'll find, and the pictures are as salty and swash-buckling as any swaggering buccaneer who ever sailed the adventurous waters of the Spanish Main. If it's rollicking, tongue-in-cheek fun you want, this is the book for you. (Little, Brown, \$3.00)

Answers to Puzzles

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD *from page 29*



IT SOUNDS THE SAME *from page 51*

1. Prince 2. Weigh 3. Herd 4. Reign 5. Tax 6. Haul 7. Bough
8. Pair 9. Mane 10. Linx

BRAIN TEASERS *from page 72*

Name The City Constantinople *A Fine State* New York

PUZZLE PARADE *from page 99*

Up And Down Exchange

Here is one solution:

- (1) Move penny to Circle No. 6.
(2) Dime to No. 3. (3) Penny to No. 5. (4) Dime to No. 4. (5) Penny to No. 2. (6) Dime to No. 1. (7) Penny to No. 7. (8) Dime to No. 5. (9) Penny to No. 8. (10) Dime to No. 3. (11) Penny to No. 5. (12) Dime to No. 2.

Lewis Carroll's Squares Illustration above shows solution.

Find The Missing The sea animal is OYSTER.

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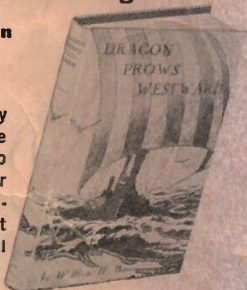
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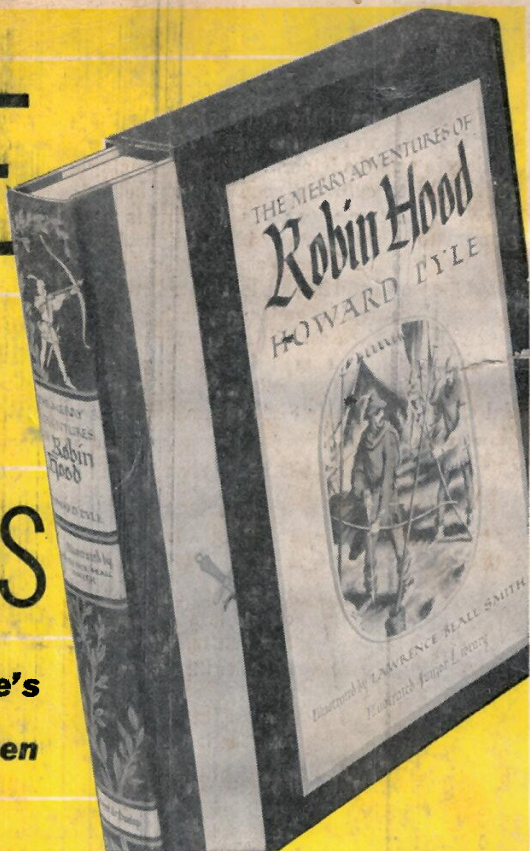
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